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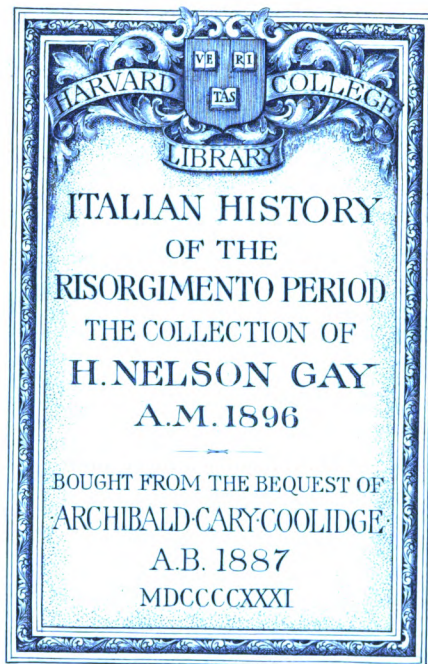
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The illustrated life and career of Garibaldi

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THE
ILLUSTRATED
LIFE AND CAREER
OF
GARIBALDI:

CONTAINING
FULL DETAILS OF HIS CONDUCT,
DARING ENTERPRIZES,
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LIFE OF GARIBALDI

CHAPTER I.

Birth of Garibaldi—His Education—Garibaldi's Rescue of his Comrades—Accession of Charles Albert—Garibaldi enters the Merchant Service—His Visit to Rome—Service with the Bey of Tunis—Departure for South America.

JOSEPH GARIBALDI, the hero on whom the future hopes of Italy are now fixed, was born at Nice, on July 4th, 1807, his family having resided in that port for a considerable period, where some of them are still living. They have principally devoted themselves to the maritime profession, for which young Joseph also displayed a decided liking, and he spent his earliest years among sailors and fishermen.

Franklin tells us in his "Memoirs" that the liberty his mother allowed him from an early age gained him a precocious knowledge of mankind, and that he owed to it, in a great measure, his after success in life. Garibaldi derived from the same source that physical energy and moral force which always have distinguished him in such an eminent degree. But he is also indebted to it for his love of independence, his invincible thirst for daring adventures, and his intense admiration for the ocean—a true image of liberty. Another feeling equally warm in him, and which explains many actions of his life, is his propensity to take the part of the weak against the strong, whenever justice, as is generally the case, is on the side of the former. This passion for equity—the attribute of chosen minds—Garibaldi has felt from his earliest years. His mathematical professor, M. Arena, still resident at Nice, is fond of discoursing of the qualities of his old pupil.

When he was of the age to begin his studies, Joseph displayed a general aptitude for the several branches of human knowledge, but he chiefly excelled in geometry and algebra; and this constant application to the exact sciences in a youth naturally impetuous is a contrast worthy of notice. But so soon as his studies were terminated, nature re-asserted her rights. A feverish activity tormented the lad, and he might be constantly seen wandering along the beach, only stopping to gaze with delight on the collecting storm, which presently burst with a crash. It was an emblem of the future condition of his Italian fatherland.

When only thirteen years of age, Garibaldi furnished the first instance of his intrepidity. Some of his companions, who were sailing in a pleasure-boat between Nice and Villafranca, were surprised by a squall, and in danger of losing their lives, when Joseph, braving all dangers, swam out to them, and saved them.

The following years were spent by Garibaldi in mercantile voyages in the Levant and Black Sea. Commercial interests also caused him to visit several Italian ports. On one occasion, while his vessel was lying in ballast at Civita Vecchia, the young sailor obtained leave to visit Rome. From that moment his true vocation was decided. Still, up to the age of twenty-six, Garibaldi's political sentiments exercised no influence over his fortunes. Continuing peacefully the profession he had embraced, he enjoyed an excellent reputation both for nautical skill and commercial acquirements. During one of his voyages Garibaldi fell dangerously ill at Constantinople, where he was fraternally received and attentively nursed in the family of an Italian exile. So soon as he recovered, not wishing to deprive his friend of his scanty resources, he undertook to give lessons in French and Italian. Not only was he enabled by them to pay the expenses of his long illness, but he earned enough to keep himself until he returned to his professional duties.

But the time had arrived when a great change took place in our hero's career. The accession of Charles Albert to the throne of Sardinia on April 27, 1831, gave the republican party hopes of success, and a conspiracy was formed under the guidance of Mazzini, in which Garibaldi took a share. But Charles Albert, who had been a patriot as Prince of Carignan, underwent a decided change of sentiments on ascending the throne, and threw himself into the arms of the Jesuits. In 1832, when the Sardinian government came on the trail of the patriotic conspiracy, Garibaldi, thinking his personal liberty insecure, proceeded once again to the east. He was almost broken-hearted when he thought of the unhappy fate of his country. It is possible that a feeling of doubt took possession

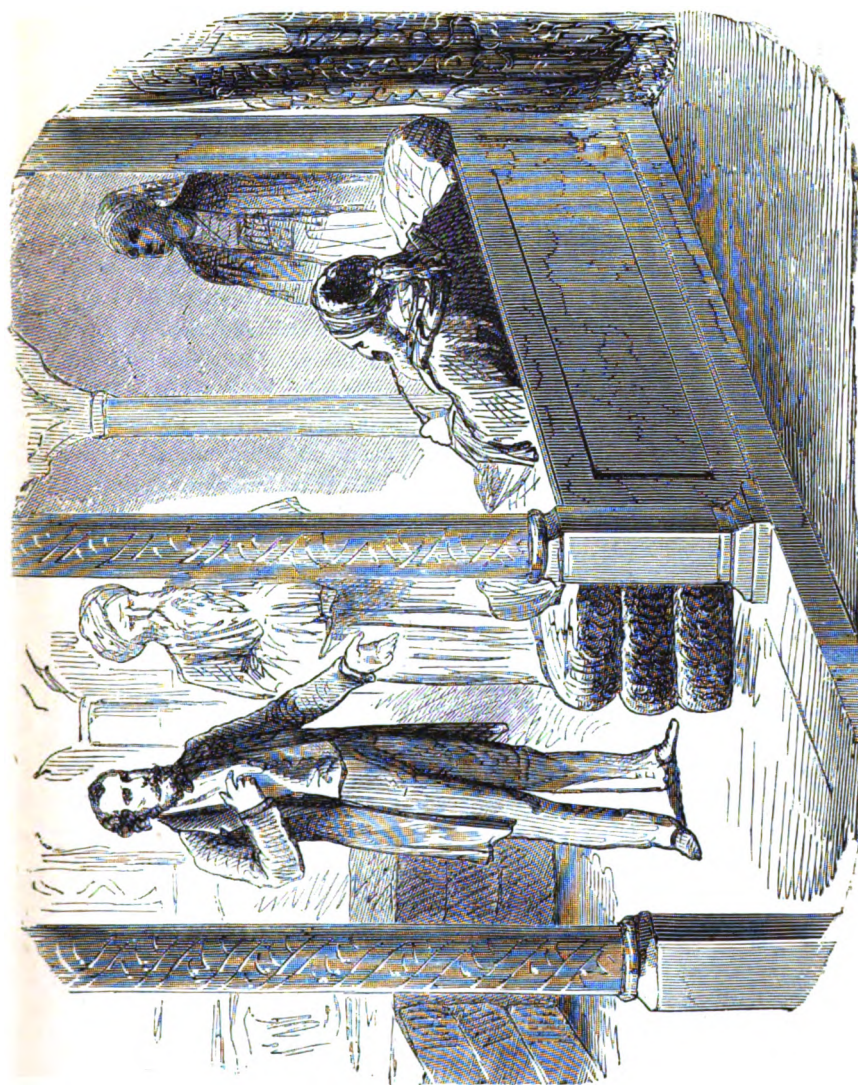


Garibaldi saves the lives of his companions.

of his mind ; but on arriving at Taganrog, he met there a young Italian full of faith in the destiny of Italy. His eloquent language and religious confidence again aroused Garibaldi's courage, and he was initiated in the secrets of young Italy. Advised by his friends that the Piedmontese police had not included his name among those of the persons suspected of plotting, Garibaldi hastened to leave the Sea of Azoff, and returned to his native country. But the Sardinian government became daily more absolute and bigoted ; it was impossible for the country to remain insensible to the outrages on liberty, and a new conspiracy was formed, in which Garibaldi was mixed up.

Mazzini, the founder of the society of young Italy, was at this period the hope of the republican party, and laid down his principles in a long letter which he addressed to Charles Albert. The Court of Turin ridiculed his pretensions, and young Italy declared war against the King. Mazzini collected his followers in the cantons of Vaud and Geneva, and made a descent on Savoy in February, 1834. But the attempt failed : many were taken prisoners, and the rest fled, among them being Garibaldi. Disguised as a peasant, and proceeding along the most inaccessible mountain paths, he succeeded in reaching Nice, where a friend, M. Gaume, concealed him for a time, and conveyed him across the Var in the dress of one of his farmers. So soon as he had crossed the French frontiers, Garibaldi proceeded to Marseilles. The special resources this town offered, enabled him to continue his study of theoretical navigation, and when he considered himself sufficiently experienced, he obtained employment as captain of a French vessel trading with the Levant. While performing his duties to the entire satisfaction of the owner, he had an opportunity to save the life of a young man who was drowning, at imminent peril to himself. The family of the saved man, one of the first in the place, offered Garibaldi many rich presents as a reward for his gallant action, but he merely replied that he had done his duty, and obstinately refused them all.

Still the sight of Rome, and the struggles against Austrian and clerical despotism had not revealed to our hero in vain his true vocation ; whatever his fitness for the profession to which he had returned might be, the love of adventure was rekindled. Hence, once more resigning his prosaic and mercantile occupation, Garibaldi set sail in an Egyptian Corvette, and went to offer his services to the Bey of Tunis. We can easily understand that the Bey required no inducement to accept the services of a man of such calibre, and our hero became an officer in the Barbary fleet. But, instead of daring adventures, he only found sloth, supineness, and



Garibaldi offers his services to the Bey of Tunis.

peculation. If the disappointment was great, the pitiable state of the Tunisian navy was not adapted to restore his lost enthusiasm. Twenty small and badly armed vessels were all that the Bey could offer for the admiration of the new arrival, and he was compelled to look about for something better suited to his energies.

In 1836 Garibaldi proceeded to South America. While stopping at Santa Cruz, he met Livio Zambecari, another generous exile — two brothers destined to meet, sooner or later, on the battle field, at the first cry their country uttered to summon its children to arms. When the time arrived both were faithful to their oath. At Rio Janeiro Garibaldi found several of his countrymen, exiles like himself. With their aid, he purchased a small vessel, in which he carried on a coasting trade between Rio and Cabo Frio. This humble employment, which lasted nine months, was carried on by the former conspirator with his usual intelligence and activity, but disappointment and regrets continued to prey on him. The state of his mind was revealed in the following passage from a letter he wrote in 1836 to an intimate friend. "As for myself, I can only say, that fortune does not smile on my undertakings. What principally grieves me, however, is the consciousness that I am doing nothing for the future progress of our cause. I am wearied, by Heaven, of dragging on an existence so useless to our country, so long as I am compelled to devote my energies to this wretched trade Be assured, that we are destined for better things; we are here out of our element."

In the Bay of Rio, Garibaldi, at the risk of his life, saved for the second time a drowning man. A Negro had fallen overboard: the wind was high, and as it drove the vessels against each other rendered any attempt to save him extremely dangerous; but the courageous Nizzard was no sooner informed of the accident, than he plunged into the raging waves and tore the poor black from their embrace.

CHAPTER II.

Service in South America—Garibaldi a Prisoner—Daring Exploits—Wonderful Escape—The Ships Blown Up—Annita Garibaldi—A Woman's Heroism.

At the commencement of 1837, some Italians brought prisoners to Rio as leaders of a republican movement in the province of Rio Grande, decided their countryman on voluntarily joining the insurgents with his vessel and crew. There was no necessity to urge him, for so soon as the plan was suggested to him, the intrepid Guerillero hastened to offer his services to the general of the insurgents. The offer was accepted with great joy, and Garibaldi's small vessel was secretly equipped for fighting. It had scarce left the waters of Rio Janeiro, ere he hoisted the flag of the young Republic.

Garibaldi was now in his real element. His first feat was the capture of a Brazilian barque of considerable tonnage, but his second adventure all but cost him his life. Believing Monte Video to be favorable to the new Republic, he cast anchor before its walls. A gun-boat, sent to dislodge him, caused this illusion to be terribly dissipated: shots were fired, and one of them piercing Garibaldi's neck, lodged just under his ear, and stretched him senseless on the deck. His alarmed followers, taking advantage of a favorable wind, set all sail, and sought a refuge in the harbour of Gulegay. But the Republican flag was not recognized here any more than it had been at Monte Video: the vessel was seized, and the crew thrown pell-mell into prison. Garibaldi was dying, but such kindly attention was shown him, that he at length slowly recovered. He was offered his liberty, on parole, which he accepted under certain conditions, and went to live with a Spanish family, who treated him with brotherly affection. But this pleasant change lasted only a short time. One night the captive received certain information that the authorities of the country, despite their promise to allow him to enjoy a quasi-liberty at Gulegay, intended to transfer him the next day to Bajada, where he would be closely imprisoned. Garibaldi had by this time recovered his entire strength and energy, while the violation of the compact he had

signed, made him consider himself disengaged from all ulterior obligations. A few hours later he escaped. But he had no compass, and was unacquainted with the country. He wandered about for two days without food and shelter, seeking in vain for a safe direction in which to proceed. Exhausted and dying of fatigue and hunger, at the end of this period he was tracked, seized, and carried back to Gualagay.

The authorities took an atrocious revenge for his evasion. Before sending him to Bajada, the intrepid and haughty warrior was ignobly suspended by the hands for two hours; and, to add humiliation to the suffering, the torture was performed in the presence of the crowd assembled at the gates of the prison. For a lengthened period, one of the sufferer's arms remained useless to him, and even to the present day, Garibaldi bears traces of this barbarous treatment. After some months of imprisonment, as painful as it had formerly been gentle, the prisoner learned that he was free. He had no trial, and none of his protests were heeded: he quitted his prison, not knowing by whom or why he had been incarcerated.

At Rio Grande, whose cause had been the subject to him of so much suffering, Garibaldi was warmly received. He was immediately invested with the command of the paltry naval force, if such a name can be given to two or three wretched coasters, armed with a few pop-guns. The lilliputian fleet was anchored in the Lagao dos Patos: Garibaldi hurriedly augmented it by means of the vessels in the harbour, which he manned with Italian refugees, who were exercised in naval manœuvres, and a new system of boarding the enemy. These Italians were infected by the intrepidity of their chief. Surprised at Camacuan by one hundred and twenty men, Garibaldi, with only eleven followers, rushed on the enemy, routed them, and remained master of the field: and he replied to the congratulations of the townsmen of Rio Grande, that "he did not deserve them, for one freeman is sufficient to destroy ten slaves."

One day he said to a handful of his brave men: "We must get in there," pointing to the enemy's fortress at the mouth of the Rio Grande. The words were enough. His companions followed him at full speed, penetrated into the embrasures, and, had not the native troops hesitated to support them, they must have captured the fort. A short time later, Garibaldi, in the hope of revolutionizing the provinces of Santa Catalina, occupied the port of Laguna. He had managed to equip three small vessels, and continually harassed the enemy by landing on the coast, and capturing all he could. Being at length attacked by an Imperial brig, he had great difficulty in getting back to Laguna.



Garibaldi escaping with his Wife.

It was here that, taking advantage of a momentary respite, he satisfied the desire of his heart by marrying a young lady of Laguna, Annita, who became the inseparable companion of all his dangers, the gentle and mournful reminiscence of his life. Dark, like the tropical creoles, graceful, active, and with eyes full of ardour, and an undaunted courage, she was worthy of Garibaldi, and the glorious sympathy which has attached to her memory among all the people of Italy. The nuptial hymns were the songs of battle and the noise of cannon, for the Imperial fleet had entered the port of Laguna to suppress the rebellion. Annita went on board her husband's vessel, and the contest was obstinate. Seeing the impossibility of victory, Garibaldi provided for the safety of his followers, remaining alone in presence of the enemy; he at last jumped into a boat with Annita, and gained the shore amid the shouts of the townsmen, while his vessel, fired by his own hand, blew up and severely damaged the Brazilian fleet. Of twelve officers who had been engaged, Garibaldi was the only one who survived.

Not long after, being chased by Brazilian cruisers into a lagoon, where he did not expect they would venture to follow him, Garibaldi, as a last expedient, ran his vessel ashore; then, mounting his two guns on a commanding spot, he kept up such a sustained fire, that the enemy, afraid to risk an advance of their boats, and unable to remain where they were without serious damage, retired for the night out of range. They were firmly convinced that, though the resistance might be prolonged, their adversary must eventually fall into their hands. But when day broke, both Garibaldi and his vessel had disappeared. By almost superhuman efforts, the captain had dragged his ship off the land, and slipping through the Brazilian fleet, which was lying unsuspectingly at anchor, managed to effect his retreat. As, however, the enemy might have been on the alert, Garibaldi had provided for this, by collecting large quantities of brush-wood and drift, which he fired, to make the enemy believe that he had burnt his vessel, and would attempt to escape by land.

On a subsequent occasion, Garibaldi was less fortunate. The Brazilians forced the entrances of the Lagoa dos Patos, where the Rio Grande fleet was anchored, and, confiding in their great numerical superiority and heavy broadsides, expected an easy prey. But Garibaldi was not at all disposed to surrender: though his wife lay motionless before him, he responded with great spirit to the enemy's heavy cannonade. But, being soon convinced that all resistance was hopeless, he ordered his crews to land, blew up his magazines, and reached the shore by swimming. Soon

after, we find Garibaldi at the head of his sailors, whom he organized as a land force, thus laying the basis of his future renown in guerilla warfare. From this moment and according to circumstances, Garibaldi was either a guerillero or admiral of a fleet, though ever bold and invincible. His devoted and intrepid Annita accompanied him in all his dangerous expeditions. It is said that, during the confusion of an unexpected engagement, Madame Garibaldi was taken prisoner by the Brazilians. Roused to a pitch of madness by the rumour that her husband was killed, she contrived to escape during the night, and, rushing to the battle field, eagerly sought among the dying and dead for the remains of the man she loved. At length persuaded that her fears were unfounded, she continued her fight, and had the happiness of rejoining her husband after two days.

The constancy and devotedness of her affection have invested the name of Annita Garibaldi and her lamentable fate, with an interest granted to few of the sublime heroines of love. The claims of maternity had not the power to tear Annita from her husband's side. Carrying their new-born son in her arms, she faced death, braved dangers, and supported privations with a joyful heart. So long as she was not menaced with a cruel separation, no complaint was ever heard to pass her lips. To be with her husband and serve the cause of liberty—in these two blessings the whole existence of this noble woman was concentrated.

CHAPTER III.

Garibaldi's Retirement—The Italian Legion—Monte Video—A Bold Challenge—A Brilliant Retreat—Pio Nono—Papal Evasion—Garibaldi's Return to Europe.

A SHORT time after the birth of his son, Garibaldi resolved on quitting Rio Grande, for a war of principles had degenerated into a conflict of personal ambition. This was far from being his ideal of republicanism ; his arm was not formed to serve private interests. So soon as this project was decided on, the Guerillero embarked for Monte Video. His disinterestedness had reduced him to such a state of poverty that, on reaching his destination, he was obliged to look out for some mode of procuring bread for his family. He succeeded in this by giving lessons in geometry and algebra in one of the principal schools of the town, but the situation of the country would not allow him to adhere long to such distasteful employment.

The Dictator of Buenos Ayres was determined on bringing the Oriental Republic back to the Argentine Confederation, and intrusted Oribe, of sorrowful memory, with the task. This general was distinguished no less by his cruelty than by his zeal in serving the interests and ambitious views of Rosas. His barbarous bands desolated the country ; they drove off flocks, destroyed the crops, fired houses and murdered the inhabitants. At times the Argentine brigands approached Monte Video, which town they threatened to plunder. The government of Uruguay was too weak to repulse the abominable Oribe, but numerous Europeans resident at Monte Video, armed in defence of their lives and property. A French legion, organised and commanded by Colonel Thibaud, rendered the Republic the most signal services. Still there was considerable danger from the sea, and Garibaldi, giving up his lessons, undertook to remove the peril. Our hero's first naval expedition, though honourable for his reputation, was disastrous in its results. Trusted with the command of a corvette, a brig and a cutter, Garibaldi succeeded in forcing the entrance of the Parana, which was defended by considerable batteries. Encouraged by his success he tried to ascend the river, but not being acquainted

with its course he suddenly found himself aground on a sand bank, and simultaneously in the presence of the Brazilian fleet of six ships. Powerful minds reveal themselves in moments of great danger. Far from being rendered desponding by his terrible position, Garibaldi kept the enemy at bay for three whole days. At last, when ammunition failed him, he cut up all his chain cables and iron instruments, and employed them as projectiles. When these new resources were exhausted nothing was left him; hence he ordered his men to take to the boats, and, remaining the last on board, had recourse to his favourite system of blowing up. He gained the shore in safety, after which he drew up his men in line, charged the troops sent to cut off his retreat, and succeeded in accomplishing his retreat.

Despite the ill fortune of his expedition, the intrepid Guerillero was anxiously expected at Monte Video. He reached that town by a round-about route and was heartily welcomed. The town at that moment was threatened with a siege by the terrible Oribe, and the consternation was excessive, for the French legion, though so brave, could not be everywhere at once. Garibaldi was ordered by the government to equip some vessels to repair the late losses, while the Italian residents appointed him commandant of a corps of 800 volunteers they had raised among themselves. Thus was the Italian legion created, and from this moment Uruguay had two legions of brave men to oppose to the devastators of the country. The naval operations which followed the formation of the Italian legion, owing to the want of sufficient resources, were necessarily limited to watching the movements of the blockading squadron, facilitating the entrance of vessels bringing up provisions, and the occasional capture of merchantmen laden with stores for Oribe's army. Still, so great was Garibaldi's impatience to deal some decisive blow, that one day he boldly advanced to the entrance of the port with his insignificant flotilla, which only mounted eight guns, and offered battle to Rosas' vessels, mounting forty-four. The roofs and verandahs of Monte Video were crowded with spectators, the masts and yards of the neutral vessels anchored in the port were thronged with English, American, and French sailors, all waiting pantingly for the result of this audacious challenge. But the Buenos Ayrians, probably aware that Garibaldi built his hopes of success on grappling and boarding, judged it prudent to decline the fight.

Let us now pass to the legion so promptly organized by Garibaldi. The Italians have just cause to feel proud of it, for with the aid of the French legion, it ensured the salvation of the Oriental Republic. A

detailed narration of the sorties, desperate charges, and skirmishes in which this gallant legion was incessantly engaged, would lead us too far, still we cannot refrain from describing one brilliant exploit, selected from others no less remarkable.

Sent off a distance of 300 leagues to dislodge the enemy from a province which their presence disturbed, Garibaldi, with 184 legionaries, and a handful of horsemen, fought for eight hours against 1,500 men, without yielding an inch of ground. When night fell, the Guerillero's little band was reduced to half its original numbers; 35 were killed, 50 seriously wounded. The survivors exhausted by fatigue, and in want of food, seemed scarce strong enough to drag themselves to Salta, where Garibaldi had established his head quarters. But to leave the wounded at the mercy of the Buenos Ayrians, already so irritated by their defeat, could not enter the mind of such a commander. The wounded were placed by twos and threes on all the horses that could be collected, and their comrades, though so exhausted, were obliged to support them on either side. By turns encouraging, blaming, and praising, Garibaldi, after a wearying march, which lasted no less than three hours, had the happiness of seeing all his comrades in glory sheltered behind the walls of Salta. The news of this remarkable retreat, as well as of an action in which the enemy lost more than 500 killed and wounded, produced an intense enthusiasm at Monte Video. The government ordered that the date of the battle, February 8, 1846, should be inscribed in letters of gold on the flag of the legion, while the French admiral commanding at Rio sent a letter of congratulation to Garibaldi, declaring "that such exploits would have cast fresh lustre even on the soldiers of Napoleon's grand army."

In the autumn of 1846, Garibaldi returned to Monte Video, after accomplishing his mission to the entire satisfaction of Uruguay. As a reward for his brilliant achievements, the government conferred on him the rank of general. The Guerillero at first declined this honour, but public solicitation at length induced him to accept it. But it was otherwise with his refusal of estates and herds for himself and his legionaries. Entreaty and advice—all was powerless to shake his determination. He protested that the Italians of Monte Video had taken up arms only "to obey the appeal of liberty and not through ambitious views of profit or promotion." Any persistence, after so clear a declaration, would have wounded his pride. This refusal on Garibaldi's part was the more meritorious, when it was known, at a later date, that at the moment he gave it, his family and himself were reduced to live on his rations, and as these did not include candles, the general's house was never illuminated

at night. When General Pacheco y Obes, at that time War Minister, learned this fact, he sent his Aide-de-camp to him (as he himself tells us) with a sum of twenty pounds. Garibaldi accepted half this amount for the most pressing necessities of his family, and begged that the other half should be given to a widow whose name he mentioned. "She needs it more than I do," he said. What commentary on our part could heighten the splendour of such an action?

The kindly feelings the inhabitants of all ranks entertained for him, the confidence the government placed in him, and the claims he had created by his constant efforts during the war, were never considered by Garibaldi to constitute any title to personal recompense; thus the pardon of a conspirator or the liberty of a captive was the only favour he was willing to solicit. The memorable soldier and memorable sailor, was soon about to leave the country rendered so illustrious by his prowess; but one laurel was wanting for his glorious crown, and he determined to pluck it. On the 8th February, 1848, in the plain of St. Anthony, at the *Topera di San Venanzio*, Garibaldi displayed such boldness and courage that the Italian name, even now, has a dear and revered sound in the ears of the Montevideans.

Since the period that Garibaldi had left Piedmont, great events had taken place in Italy. The most extraordinary was the election in June, 1846, of a Pope, said to be liberal, two words which have in all times passed as incompatible, and will, doubtlessly, remain so to all eternity. Garibaldi, however, momentarily shared the general illusion, and the new pontiff seemed to him destined to become the regenerator of Italy. Avezani, one of his most intimate friends, entertained the same hopes, and they therefore wrote in concert to the Papal Nuncio at Rio Janeiro, "If our arms, not unaccustomed to warfare, can be useful to his Holiness, we offer them willingly to the man who knows so well how to aid the Church and our country simultaneously. Provided that it be for the progress of the work of redemption commenced by Pio Nono, we shall consider ourselves privileged if we can seal our devotion with our blood." This letter of Garibaldi deserves attention, for it proves that, in his eyes, the liberation of Italy is above all question of men or political and religious sentiments. During the last contest, some persons felt surprised that he, the republican, offered his sword to a king to fight Austria: the offer was not new, as we shall presently see; and, in any case, there was no cause for surprise, as, believing in a Pope inclined to regenerate his country, Garibaldi had formerly offered to enrol himself beneath the papa banner.

The Nuncio probably knew in what Pio Nono's boasted patriotism would result; and he had no desire to see in his Holiness' army men, who, when the hour of reaction came, would have proved a great embarrassment. Hence, he sent Garibaldi a flattering but evasive answer, in which he stated that he had forwarded the letter to Rome. It was not in Garibaldi's nature to remain inactive, and long before any answer could be received from Rome, he had left South America. The warlike tone of the Italian papers, the inflamed language of private letters, showed him that his country was on the eve of a great national uprising, preached by the priests and monks as a new crusade, and to which the Pope himself was supposed to be favorable. This was more than sufficient to rekindle the hopes of so many generous men whom the loss of liberty and hatred of foreign rule had sent into exile. The Italians, established at Monte Video, determined on starting at once, and a subscription was promptly raised. A Genoese, Stefano Antonini, sent Garibaldi £2000; several others exceeded that sum; he received considerable amounts from Leghorn and Genoa, so that he was soon enabled to equip one hundred horsemen, chosen from the bravest of his legion, and provide for their passage to Italy. He then freighted a vessel, *L'Esperanza*, his chief condition being that it should hoist the Italian tricolor.

The corps of volunteers was placed under Garibaldi's command. The valorous phalanx claimed its share in the perils of the war of independence, whose speedy outbreak everything announced. But the Monte Videan government saw with great dislike the departure of a man who had done it such notable services, and whose assistance might still be so useful to it. The foreign merchants, on their side, could not make up their minds to the loss of such a powerful protector. The incredible efforts made to keep him produced delays on delays. In vain did Garibaldi try to remove the obstacles, but they grew up incessantly around him. He became desperate, and at each loss of time was heard to exclaim, "we shall arrive too late, when there will be nothing left for us to do." But all the tricks and intrigues were eventually foiled, and in April, 1848, the expedition, consisting of about one hundred men, was enabled to set sail. In the following month of June the little band and their chief disembarked at Nice.

CHAPTER IV.

The State of Italy—Charles Albert and the Austrians—Garibaldi's Services Declined—The Condition of Rome—French Intervention—Gallant Defence of the City—Suspension of Fighting—The French send Reinforcements.

WHEN Garibaldi, after an absence of fourteen years, once again stepped on his native shore, the narration of what had occurred during the last three months struck him with astonishment—the establishment of the French Republic: constitutions granted where only despotism had hitherto prevailed—insurrectionary movements at Berlin—Vienna in revolt—the Austrians expelled from Milan—Charles Albert crossing the Ticino to respond to the appeal of Lombardy—Tuscany and Rome sending thousands of volunteers to the Holy War—Ferdinand of Naples himself compelled, by the pressure of public opinion, to co-operate in the national struggle: never would the Guerillero have ventured to conceive such prodigies. Yes, there were spots on the brilliant picture: Pio Nono, who had blessed the warriors of liberty, as they defiled before the Quirinal, spread consternation through the Peninsula by his mournful encyclical *breve* of April 29th. The Romans were in a state of profound agitation; even the Sardinian and Tuscan ministers protested against the papal declaration, but it was of no avail. When La Farina, the Sicilian representative, tried to make the Pope see the injury his words would cause Italy, Pio Nono answered him, "I am more Italian than you; but you will not distinguish in me the Italian from the pontiff." La Farina bowed his head and said to himself, "He is right; the man must be a maniac who believes that a Pope can be an Italian."

After a marvellous career of success, Charles Albert threw away all his chances by sitting down to invest Mantua, and it was at this fatal moment of inaction that Garibaldi presented himself at the head-quarters of the king of Piedmont. With that promptitude which marks all his movements, Garibaldi had no sooner gained a general idea of the position of Italian affairs, than, leaving his wife and children to the care of his mother at Nice, he embarked with his comrades of the "Esperanza," and sailed for Genoa. On arriving there, he hastened up to Turin, and,

placing himself and his companions at the disposal of government, he requested immediate and active employment in the war. The coldness with which he was treated must have cruelly disappointed him. Declining the responsibility of deciding on such a subject, the ministers referred him to the king. Charles Albert received him courteously, spoke in very flattering terms of his achievements in South America, but gave him no positive reply to the subject that had led him to the camp. To all his ardent solicitations, the king at first answered vaguely and hesitatingly; and, at last, when pressed for an immediate reply, referred him back again to his ministers at Turin.

Poor Garibaldi! it was hardly worth while to display in Uruguay such impatience to fight the Austrians, and see his services postponed by a nuncio and rejected by a king! The Guerillero's haughty nature chafed at being thus bandied about like a suppliant. The sword which seemed so little appreciated, he resolved to offer to Milan, where it must be gladly accepted. Charles Albert eventually repented his conduct, and justly so; for the refusal of Garibaldi's aid was certainly one of the gravest faults that king committed. One of the first Austrian generals addressed the following cutting reproach to Piedmont:—"The man, who, of all others, would have best served your cause, you were not clever enough to enlist." That man was Garibaldi. Fortunately for Italy. Victor Emanuel was better inspired than Charles Albert.

The favour with which the Guerillero was greeted by the Milanese, caused him to forget all past mortifications. The Committee of Public Defence immediately granted him the authority to levy volunteers to protect the Bergamasque; and, attracted by the influence of his name, 3,000 men were soon enrolled beneath his banner. No one will be surprised at this result, when he learns that Garibaldi's popularity was so great, that, while fighting far away for a cause which did not affect his own country, Florence had voted a sword of honour to the valiant champion of the independence and liberty of the peoples. All the Italians contributed to this testimony of admiration and sympathy, and a Florentine artist made the blade, *tempering it in the tears of the slaves*. Garibaldi had been given but a short time to execute his mission, when he was recalled to Milan. The Austrians, following the plan drawn up by their old general, had awaited the arrival of fresh troops, which enabled them to surprise the Piedmontese at various points and force them to retreat. Now, in a position to act, they seriously menaced the capital of Lombardy. Disputing every inch of ground, the Piedmontese army, harassed, suffering from hunger and despondency, fell back on Milan, where



Garibaldi's interview with Charles Albert.

it was resolved that a final halt should be made. Garibaldi, hastening by forced marches to the help of the capital, had reached Monza, only fifteen miles from Milan, when he received news of the armistice concluded in August 9th, 1848, between Charles Albert and the Austrians. Disdaining to lay down his arms without a blow struck, the bold warrior refused to consider the Italian cause irretrievably lost. He threw himself into the mountains round the Lago Maggiore, and prepared to harass the enemy over a considerable extent of country, hoping, not unreasonably, that, if he succeeded in prolonging the war, the disbanded Lombards would collect around him, and supply a powerful force for more important operations.

Two small Austrian steamers were surprised on the lake. Garibaldi put aboard them 1,500 men, and suddenly appeared at Luino, then occupied by a considerable body of the enemy. Having drawn them from this position, he succeeded, by a rapid and clever night manoeuvre, in reaching Morazzone, another small town, whence he proposed attacking General d'Aspré, who was encamped with 16,000 men a short distance off. The project gained wind, and 5,000 Austrians with artillery were detached to operate against Morazzone. The besieged sustained the attack for eleven hours without giving way, but daybreak revealed the crushing superiority and powerful resources of the assailants. Not wishing to subject the inhabitants to the horrors of an assault, and as D'Aspré's division was advancing to intercept his retreat, Garibaldi determined to evacuate the town. Dispersing his men in small corps, and ordering them to march on Piedmont, while a certain number deceived the enemy as to his intentions, by keeping up a sustained fire along the front, the Guerillero succeeded, after an exhausting and dangerous retreat, in reassembling his column at Arona, on the Piedmontese shores of Lago Maggiore.

And here is the occasion to call attention to the fertility of Garibaldi's special genius. During the last war, the Guerillero manoeuvred in the same country as he did eleven years ago. The Austrians knew the country as well as himself, if not better; not an inch of ground was unknown to their chief. Hence it would appear as if the experience of the past would have protected them from any surprise. But where and when did this inexhaustible mind repeat its schemes? or who ever knew on the eve what Garibaldi would do on the morrow? He surprised the enemy in 1859 as he did ten years before, and we may be sure that if another campaign commences the Austrians will be just as much astonished.

To supply the most pressing wants of his comrades, who were without

bread and in rags, Garibaldi was obliged to apply to the municipal authorities of Arona. Two hundred and eighty pounds satisfied the demands of the man whom the Austrians in their proclamations denounced as a vagabond and marauder. Convinced that any further resistance was impossible, he then dismissed his legion and proceeded to Switzerland. The intrepid soldier had scarce crossed the Alps, however, ere he fell dangerously ill of the Lombardy marsh fever, which had ravaged both armies so severely. Striving energetically against the illness, he continued his journey to Nice and thence to Genoa, where, being entirely exhausted, he rested during the rest of the autumn. The beginning of November saw Garibaldi once again at work. As a tardy concession to his courage and universally recognised popularity, a high command was offered him in the Sardinian army; but the offer came too late: the Guerillero declined it, alleging that his determination was to devote his services to Venice, then closely invested by the Austrians, but still offering a vigorous resistance. Leaving Genoa with about 250 volunteers, the indefatigable fighter sailed up the Adriatic, and had arrived at Vicuna, when the situation of Rome caused him to give up his plan of proceeding to Venice, and turn his steps towards the source of his first patriotic inspirations.

Things had been going on very badly in the city of the Popes, and the assassination of the minister Rossi was an omen of the future fate of the nascent republic. The Pope fled to Gaëta, and the French, fearing lest the Austrians should be before them, offered their intervention for a satisfactory settlement of affairs. On the 27th November, 1848, Cavaignac issued orders for 3,500 troops of the line to be landed at Civita Vecchia, in order "to assure the liberty of the Pontiff." The Roman ministry protested, and steps were taken to convoke the Constituent Assembly, Garibaldi being elected by Macerata. On February, 1849, the deputies met for the first time, and Garibaldi raised the cry of "Long live the Republic," which was enthusiastically received. The temporal power of the Pope once abolished, and the democratic government founded, Garibaldi had something better to do than trouble himself with the legislature. It was ever his highest ambition to serve Italy in the battle field and lay down his life in her defence. In 1848, as to day, no one was ignorant of this noble sentiment; and thus, so soon as he arrived at Rome towards the end of November, the Guerillero was immediately ordered off to protect the position menaced by the King of Naples. His first care was to fortify Rieti, where he established his head quarters; his second, to exercise and drill the volunteers, who marched beneath his standard,



to the number of about 2,000. Pisacani, a superior officer of the Roman republic, gives us the following account of him, while thus engaged :—

“Garibaldi was stationed at Rieti with the rank of colonel. His refusal to conform with the regulations to which the whole army was subjected, rendered him a stumbling block to the partizans of the old system, who considered him more injurious than useful. But, being gifted with that peculiar genius, found in so few men, of keeping straight in difficult circumstances, and knowing how to utilize every element, Garibaldi was regarded as an unique and precious being, if employed in such a way as not to be removed from his own sphere of action. The war committee were convinced of this truth, when during the formation of the army and dividing it into two camps, they declared Garibaldi's corps, a partizan band, independent of the army. Personally brave and of most agreeable character, continually on the field of battle, making his arrangements with the utmost calmness, this chief was extremely dear to his soldiers. His handsome appearance, his peculiar way of dressing himself, all his habits, in a word, had surrounded him with an extraordinary prestige.”

Though scarce recovered from his recent illness, Garibaldi allowed himself no rest in the efforts he made to accustom his troops to endure fatigue and encounter dangers. He might be seen traversing the adjacent mountains, during the depth of winter, for several days in succession, in order, by his example, to encourage the volunteers in enduring cold and hunger without complaining. Forced marches, open air encampments, paucity of provisions, nothing was wanting to harden the men. With the exception of an excursion to Rome, to greet the proclamation of the republic, Garibaldi spent in this way the first months of 1849, while the condition of Italy was daily becoming worse and more alarming.

Sicily, left to its own resources, was still engaged in a violent struggle with Naples; Venice continued her defence, while never ceasing to implore the aid of Piedmont and the French Republic; Lombardy, under the strictest martial law, with powerful garrisons in every town, with her richest and most worthy citizens ruined and proscribed, was wrapped in the gloom of a hopeless slavery; Charles Albert was on the point of seeing the foreigner overthrow his heroic efforts on behalf of an oppressed people; the Austrians were advancing to subdue Bologna and the Marches of Ancona; the King of Naples threatened to invade the Roman States; Spain had promised her support to the Pontiff, and the envoys of France, demanding no serious guarantee from Gaëta, engaged their

country deeper and deeper in an agreement with Naples, Austria, and Spain, for the pure and simple re-establishment of the Pontifical authority in Rome. On the 29th March, 1849, after receiving the unexpected news of the defeat of Novara, the Roman Constituent held a secret meeting. The agitation was great and opinions varied considerably. One party voted for the invasion of Naples, while the war was still fermenting in Sicily; another wished to proceed into Lombardy, but no one could persuade himself that all hope was lost.

It was at this decisive moment that the French Republic decided on stifling her sister at Rome in her fatal embrace. General Oudinot was nominated chief of the expedition, and on the 24th April, the result of the deliberation in the French Legislative Assembly reached Rome. On the same day a French frigate entered the port of Civita Vecchia, and landed an officer to demand the surrender of the fortress. But the French Assembly was not united as to the justice of the step taken against the Roman Republic, and Ferdinand de Lesseps was sent to Rome on a special mission, which ended in nothing. On April 28th, the Roman Constituent, to prove that it did not distrust the French nation, approved a decree of the following purport:—

“IN THE NAME OF GOD AND THE PEOPLE.

“Confiding in the generous virtue of the Romans, as in their valour, convinced that, although determined to defend to extremities against every invader the independence of their country, the Roman people do not render the French Nation responsible for the errors of its government; placing unbounded trust in the people and the sanctity of the republican principle, the triumvirate decrees:—

“The strangers, and specially the French, dwelling peaceably in Rome, are placed under the safeguard of the nation. Any one who proposes to outrage or molest them will be considered guilty of dishonouring Rome. The government will watch that no one transgress the laws of hospitality.”

Two days after the approval of this decree Rome received the news that the French were advancing. Upon this the means of defence were hastily arranged, and the triumvirate recalled Garibaldi from the frontier, although the general impression was that Oudinot would not proceed to hostilities. We have seen that the Guerillero, in spite of himself, and yielding to the public wish, had allowed himself to be nominated general at Monte Video. No step was ever better gained, for it was the price of

the greatest services rendered as commander-in-chief. Still, so little importance does our hero attach to that sort of thing, that he had not hesitated to serve Rome with the title of colonel; but, at the moment when he might have to endure with his legion the principal weight of the contest, a new title seemed indispensable, and the Ministry-of-War promoted him to the rank of general. Here he was then, for the second time, in possession of the rank regularly conferred. He will obtain it a third time, as if to prove his right still more fully to the stars on his epaulettes.

The Roman troops were thus arranged: the first brigade, commanded by General Garibaldi, occupied outside the walls the line extending from the Portesa to the San Pancrazio, Gate; the second, commanded by Col. Masi, was drawn up in front of the Cavallegieri Gate, the Vatican, and the Angelica Gate; the third, composed of two regiments of dragoons, was in reserve on the Navona-square; the fourth was also in reserve at the Chiesa Nuova and on the Cesarini-square; while Colonel Galetti and the carbineers, and Major Manara with the Lombard volunteers, held themselves in readiness to proceed wherever they might be wanted. Along the road from Civita Vecchia to Rome small placards were posted up, on which could be read, "Art. 5 of the preamble of the French Constitution. The French Republic respects foreign nationalities, as it intends to make its own respected; it undertakes no war of conquest, and will never employ its forces against the liberty of any people."

It was fated to be otherwise, and the extremity in which Garibaldi would soon find himself of fighting against the French was not the least painful circumstance in his life. But the Roman Republic was attacked, he had sworn to defend it, and must do his duty as an Italian and soldier.

On April 30, the French army, divided into two columns, marched on the Cavallegieri and Angelica gates; the place of junction, arranged by the Commander-in-Chief, was the San Pietro-square. The French occupied two houses near the Villa Pamphili, and thence opened a sharp fire of musketry and artillery. Garibaldi attacked their flank with great impetuosity, broke them, and made 300 prisoners. Ably seconded by the artillery under the command of Col. Calandrelli, Col. Masi was equally successful. The action began at six in the morning and lasted seven hours before the French general ordered his men to retire. It ended with the exhaustion of the French troops, and their inability to continue fighting. The French army fell back on Palo, on the road to Civita Vecchia, and Garibaldi set out in pursuit, but was stopped by the orders of the triumvirate. Rome celebrated this victory by demonstrations of

joy, and the French prisoners were welcomed and treated as brothers. As for the wounded, the attention they received gained the Romans the thanks of the Commander-in-Chief of the French army, as is seen by a letter published by M. de Lesseps, in his memorial to the Council of State.

On May 2, the triumvirate announced that the Neapolitan troops had invaded the territory of the Republic; and on the 7th, that the Austrians and Spaniards had followed their example. The Neapolitans approached from Velletri, the Spaniards had disembarked at Fiumicino; the Austrians were threatening Bologna, while the French were quartered at Castel-Guido. As we have not space, however, to describe the arrangements made by the Roman Republic to resist the quadruple invasion, we will confine ourselves to those relating to our subject.

The French government and General Oudinot had by no means foreseen the vigorous resistance offered by the Romans. When the news of the events of April 30th arrived at Paris, there was a very stormy meeting in the National Assembly, the result of which was "a vote imposing on the ministry the obligation not to destroy the Roman Republic by French arms." M. Drouyn de l'Huys thought it advisable to send M. de Lesseps to Rome, and recommended the latter to save him from a serious impeachment. De Lessep's orders were to do all in his power to prevent any renewal of hostilities, and, on arriving at Rome, he certainly did his utmost to prevent fresh collisions. The result of his efforts was the continuation of the truce which the force of affairs had commenced prior to his arrival. During the suspension of arms, General Oudinot confined his operations to "that part of the territory which had Civita Vecchia for its basis," while the Roman troops, engaged with other adversaries, were enabled to proceed wherever they believed that "it was their interest to do so." But this period of rest was dearly paid for, as the French government employed it to send up reinforcements, which rendered any further resistance impossible.

CHAPTER V.

Garibaldi's Volunteers—Attack on the Neapolitans—The Battle of Velletri—Flight of the King—Rocca d'Arco—M. de Lesseps—Advance of the French—The Final Attack on Rome.

THE Romans, having the Austrians still some distance off, and disdaining to fight the Spaniards, who were marching upon Upper Umbria, deliberated about attacking the Neapolitans, who, 20,000 strong, under the command of the king, were advancing on Rome. Garibaldi, with a small corps of light troops, amounting to 3,000 or 4,000 men, was ordered to reconnoitre their positions. He halted first at Palestrina, and, in conformity with his favourite system, sent detachments in every direction to explore the country. Cutting their way through the villages occupied by the Neapolitans, putting their detachments to flight, and taking many prisoners, the Romans acquitted themselves to the satisfaction of their chief in their first trial of this novel mode of warfare. Garibaldi confidently awaited the morrow, foreseeing that a division of 7,000 men encamped at Palestrina would advance to attack him. His hopes were not deceived; on the morning of May 9th, the Neapolitans were seen to be marching in good order on the Romans, but they had hardly come into collision than they broke their ranks, and, despite their great numerical superiority, in less than three hours were entirely defeated. This easy victory was principally attributed to the terror the name of Garibaldi inspired in the Neapolitans; prisoners confessed that he was generally supposed to be a devil, and not a man. Everything in the superstition of this people contributed to favour such an absurd idea; and the scarlet tunic, worn by the commander and his legionaries, was regarded as an emblem of the alliance with the powers of darkness.

We have already given a portrait of Garibaldi as drawn by Pisacani; here is another, extracted from a work specially devoted to the Guerillero, and which relates to the period of which we are now writing:—

“Of middle height, with deep chest, and large shoulders, Garibaldi is cast in a mould of iron, combining activity with strength. There is



Garibaldi's Volunteers.

something statuesque in the appearance of his head, with its broad forehead, its regular features, and the long floating locks, mingling with the beard, which is golden-hued like them. The profound expression of his eyes—pensive, and yet piercing, completes the character of a person, who at once inspires a feeling of respect and confidence."

Before we continue the narrative of his exploits, let us look at Garibaldi among his comrades in arms. An Italian volunteer draws the picture for us :—

"Figure to yourselves an heterogeneous assembly of all sorts of people—lads of from twelve to fourteen years ; old soldiers attracted by the renown of the celebrated captain of Monte Video ; some stimulated by a noble ambition ; others desirous of finding impunity and license in the confusion of war, but yet restrained by the inflexible severity of their chief, in whose eyes courage and boldness were the only recommendation, while the most uncurbed passions were bridled beneath his iron will. The general and his staff mounted on American saddles, are dressed in scarlet blouses, and hats of every possible shape. Without any distinctive mark or pretence to military ornaments, they seem to pride themselves on their contempt of the rules laid down for regular troops. Followed by their orderlies, the majority of whom came from America, they rush in every direction—at one moment dispersing, then assembling again—ever active, ever rapid, ever indefatigable. When the troops halt to bivouac, the officers, the general himself, dismount, and pay all proper attention to the wants of their horses. When these operations are completed, they open their saddles, which are made to unroll and form a species of tent, and thus complete their personal arrangements. If unable to procure provisions in the adjacent villages, three or four colonels and majors leap on their horses, and, armed with their long lassos, gallop across country in search of sheep and oxen. Garibaldi, during this interval, if the bivouac is far from any danger, rests stretched at full length under his tent ; if, on the contrary, the enemy be at hand, he remains constantly on horseback, giving his orders and visiting the advanced posts. Often, disguised as a peasant, he risks his safety in making a reconnaissance, but more frequently, stationed on an eminence commanding the environs, he spends hours in examining the country with the help of a telescope. When the general's bugle gives the signal to prepare for departure, the lassos serve to capture the horses which have been turned loose to pasture. The order of march is always arranged on the previous day, and the corps starts without ever knowing where it will arrive the next day. Owing to this patriarchal simplicity, which is, perhaps, car-



The Volunteers capturing oxen.

ried too great a length, Garibaldi appears rather the chief of an Indian tribe than a general; but, on the approach of danger, and at the head of his combatants, his presence of mind and courage are truly admirable; and then, by the astonishing rapidity of his movements, he compensates in great measure for the lack of those qualities generally supposed to be indispensable in a good general."

On the day after his victory, Garibaldi remained encamped on the plains surrounding Palestrina. At length, seeing that the Neapolitans made no arrangements to remove the attack, he suspected that they and the French had arranged to surprise Rome during his absence. Hence he determined to hurry back at once and cover the city, and on the night of May 10, his men began their march. Passing within two miles of the enemy, and advancing by the most impracticable roads, they traversed a distance of twenty-eight miles, without a moment's halt. They had scarce re-entered Rome when, on the alarm being given, they were sent to occupy the advanced posts of Monte Mario, where they remained for four days. It was at this period that M. de Lesseps arrived, and all fear of any offensive movement on the part of General Oudinot being dispelled, the Romans turned their exclusive attention to the Neapolitans once more.

Five brigades of infantry, one of cavalry, and twelve guns, were sent against the Neapolitans, who continued to occupy Velletri, Albano, and Palestrina. This force, amounting to about 14,000 men, formed of scattered detachments recalled from the provinces, marched in the direction of Monte Fortino, menacing all the enemy's communications. At first it was proposed to give the command-in-chief to Garibaldi, but the Guerillero, with his usual modesty, declined the honour, alleging his slight scientific acquaintance with the art of war. Hence he preferred a secondary post. The little army was then under the command of Pietro Roselli, though the influence of Garibaldi's name was so great that he was virtually regarded as the chief of the army, just as he had ever been considered the right arm of the defence of Rome. The advanced guard, after a hurried march, encamped, on May 16, upon the hills defending the Palestrina and Albano roads. The enemy were acquainted with their movements, and concentrated their forces at Velletri, where the king was. The Romans resolved on occupying Monte Fortino at once, but the want of transport delayed the distribution of rations, and consequently the advance movement of the troops. Still, on the evening of the 19th, the vanguard occupied Monte Fortino; the centre, formed of the second and third brigades, encamped between Monte Fortino and

Valmonte, while the fourth brigade, with the cavalry and artillery, was held in reserve at the latter place. On the morning of the 20th the vanguard marched on Velletri, but the centre, owing to various obstacles, was delayed longer than it should have been, and remained too far in the rear. The vanguard, commanded by Colonel Marochetti, and with which was Garibaldi, took up a position a mile from Velletri, to await the rest of the troops, but the Neapolitans did not give them time to come up. A squadron of cavalry and an infantry column left the town and came to attack the republicans, but were so warmly received, that they fell back disgracefully, in spite of their numerical superiority, after losing a large number in killed and wounded, and leaving several prisoners in the hands of their adversaries. A few hours later the Roman cavalry arrived, and after them the third brigade, commanded by Colonel Galetti. The city was invested by the republicans, but it was surrounded by a wide and deep moat, and the Neapolitan artillery kept up a brisk fire from the Capuchin heights, situated above the camp. After a vain attempt at assault, night put an end to the combat.

About two in the morning, some volunteers, sent out to reconnoitre, glided beneath the ramparts. The complete silence that prevailed astounded them; they climbed the gates, and found the city apparently deserted. Some laggards were taken prisoners, and soon afterwards the inhabitants gladly emerged from their houses. They narrated the details of the sudden withdrawal. The Neapolitans had commenced their retreat, we should say their flight, just after nightfall. The vigorous pursuit of the morning had thrown the troops into such a panic, that no exhortation could persuade them to face once again the terrible Garibaldi. A pressing danger for Ferdinand II. sprang from this refusal, for we are told that he would have fallen into the hands of his enemies, had he delayed his retreat for an hour longer. This gallant exploit cost the Romans about one hundred killed and wounded, and the enemy's loss was much more considerable. But the principal result of the victory was that, two days later, the whole Neapolitan army had re-crossed the frontiers. Ferdinand thought to gain an easy victory over the young militia of the Republic, but he only obtained the disgrace of a defeat, in spite of his superiority of numbers.

Garibaldi set out in pursuit of the Neapolitans, but they fled so hurriedly that, for all his agility, he could not catch them up. He then re-joined his column, one half of which returned to Rome, while the other half proceeded to clear the provinces of Frosinone of the armed bands of one Zucchi, a most zealous adherent of the papal government. The applause

and blessings which welcomed the soldiers of the Republic, would have convinced the most incredulous of the repulsion the pontifical subjects felt for the government of the priests. At Rocca d'Arco, a strong position, situated on a scarped mountain, the republicans found, what was far from usual, that the garrison fled precipitately on their approach, leaving the road strewn with haversacks and great coats. They were no less surprised to see that the inhabitants of the adjoining village had deserted their houses. Such a want of confidence was an insult to the soldiers, but, owing to Garibaldi's wise warnings, and the excellent exhortations of Father Ugo Bassi, chaplain to the legion, their indignation had no disastrous results for the place. Not an act of pillage was committed, nor a single door forced. The men, who were in want of billets, piled their arms, and sat down in a circle in the market place. Soon, however, the inhabitants, who had retired to the surrounding heights, remarked this admirable spirit of order and restraint: they at once returned, opened their shops and houses, and in a few moments the village had re-assumed its wonted activity. The republicans then learned that the flight of the good people was owing to the superstitious fears spread by the Neapolitans.

Pursuing his march with constant successes, and rapidly approaching the Neapolitan frontier, the Guerillero was apparently meditating the invasion of that State, where he hoped to arouse a popular insurrection, when he was recalled to Rome in all haste.

Disputes, whose real cause it would be a delicate matter to explain, had kept M. de Lesseps and General Oudinot estranged almost from their first interview. Unfortunately for the Roman Republic, this dissension caused the military man to act in a manner diametrically opposed to the diplomatist. M. de Lesseps had succeeded in making rather satisfactory terms with Mazzini, when he received information that the government of the French Republic had put an end to his mission, and that the troops were under orders to advance at once. With a vigorous protest, M. de Lesseps left Rome and the operations commenced.

On June 12th, General Roselli asked General Oudinot for a truce of a few days, that the Romans might have time to act against the Austrians, who, after occupying Tuscany, were assembling at Foligno, apparently to march along the valley of the Tiber and join the Neapolitans by the routes through the Abruzzi. General Oudinot replied on the same day that the orders of his government were that he should enter Rome as soon as possible. The French army was composed of three divisions. The first, commanded by General Regnaud de St. Jean d'Angely, was composed of two brigades; the first, composed of four battalions was

of infantry and a battalion of *Chasseurs à pied* ; the second of a regiment of mounted chasseurs and a regiment of dragoons. The second division, commanded by General Bostolan, was formed of two brigades, each of two infantry regiments ; while the third brigade, commanded by General Gueswiller was also composed of four infantry regiments. The engineers, with six companies of sappers, were under General Vaillant. The artillery, of four field and one siege batteries, was directed by General Thierry. Somewhat later, the army was reinforced by four regiments of infantry, one 12-pounder battery, a company of sappers and one of pontonniers. General Oudinot had then under his orders forty-four infantry battalions, eight squadrons of cavalry, thirty-six field-guns and thirty siege-guns ; altogether about 36,000 men of all arms, with sixty pieces of artillery.

The Romans had seventeen battalions of regular infantry, amounting to 9,400 men ; 6,600 irregular infantry, divided into twelve corps ; 890 cavalry ; 1370 miners, sappers and artillerymen ; forming a total, with the staff and hospital train, of 18,670 men ; and of whom 16,465 were Romans, 1875 Italians, and 328 foreigners. There were in Rome 108 guns, of which eleven were of heavy calibre, thirty-four of average calibre, and fifty-two light field-pieces, about eleven howitzers, and not a single mortar. Of this artillery, more than thirty pieces were unfit for service, and twenty others in a bad condition. Such were the forces to defend Rome, whose walls are twenty miles in circuit.

According to a communication from General Oudinot, either badly understood, or not quite clear, the Romans did not expect the attack till the 4th of June at the earliest, but it took place on the 3rd. On Sunday, at three in the morning, the Roman picquets at the Pamphili and Corsini Villas, outside the San Pancrazio Gate, were surrounded while asleep and made prisoners by two French battalions. At the same time, in an opposite direction, a French brigade surprised Ponte Molle, where it met a vigorous, though useless resistance. As on April 30th, the bells almost immediately gave the alarm signal, and the drums called to arms. The people hurried to the bastions ; Garibaldi's legion and the brave band of Lombard Volunteers, rushing to the gates, soon found themselves vigorously engaged in a desperate struggle. Thrice were the contested positions taken and lost. Though greatly inferior in numbers, and unable, like the French, to bring up fresh reserves, the Romans sustained the battle for sixteen hours. Both friend and foe agreed in recognising that Garibaldi displayed the most heroic courage during this terrible combat. At one moment leading a battalion to a bayonet charge, at another rushing to

rally his men, if he fancied he saw a trace of discouragement, and exposing himself continually where the shower of bullets was the thickest, he did not cease to display that bravery of which he had already given a thousand proofs, and which has become proverbial. The only fault found with the Guerillero was that he did not on the first day evince that strategical skill so absolutely necessary in presence of adversaries so dangerous as the French.

Instructed by experience, Garibaldi, on the following day, modified his plan of attack. Not wishing to expose uselessly the lives of his bravest soldiers, who would assuredly be the first to fall in a hand-to-hand encounter, he determined to restrict himself to repeated sallies, and harass the besiegers by a constant cannonade from the walls. The firing was, however, speedily checked by the French artillery, and the vigilance of the French rendered the sorties ineffectual. The result was that the enemy daily gained ground.

Up to this period, the resistance of the Romans was chiefly intended to gain time, so that the French Government might be enabled to accept the arrangement made with their plenipotentiary. But the arrival of M. de Courcelles at Oudinot's head quarters dissipated all such hopes. By a letter addressed to the Chancellor of the French Embassy, and which the latter transmitted to Mazzini, the new Envoy declared that his Government disavowed all participation in the convention ratified by M. de Lesseps, because he had been deprived of his full powers three days before he signed it. The news of the refusal to ratify, with the circumstances that preceded it, so irritated the Romans that they resolved to prolong the resistance, though it was generally admitted that so soon as the French had formed a practicable breach, and established a battery on the walls, all would be lost. This took place on the night of June 21. The Roman officer, going on his rounds, was surrounded near the Gate of St. Pancrazio and made prisoner. Where he had left his soldiers half an hour before, the enemy were now posted, occupying the breach as peaceably as they would have mounted guard in a fortress. This event was surrounded by an inextricable misery. The terrified sentries declared that the French had made their appearance from underground; others stated that they had discovered a secret gate leading from the bottom of the wall into the city. Suspicions of treason were not wanting to heighten the general discouragement—all was terror and doubt. On the same night another bastion fell into the hands of the French; but not without an obstinate resistance, Garibaldi being present among the combatants, having hurried up at the first cry of danger.

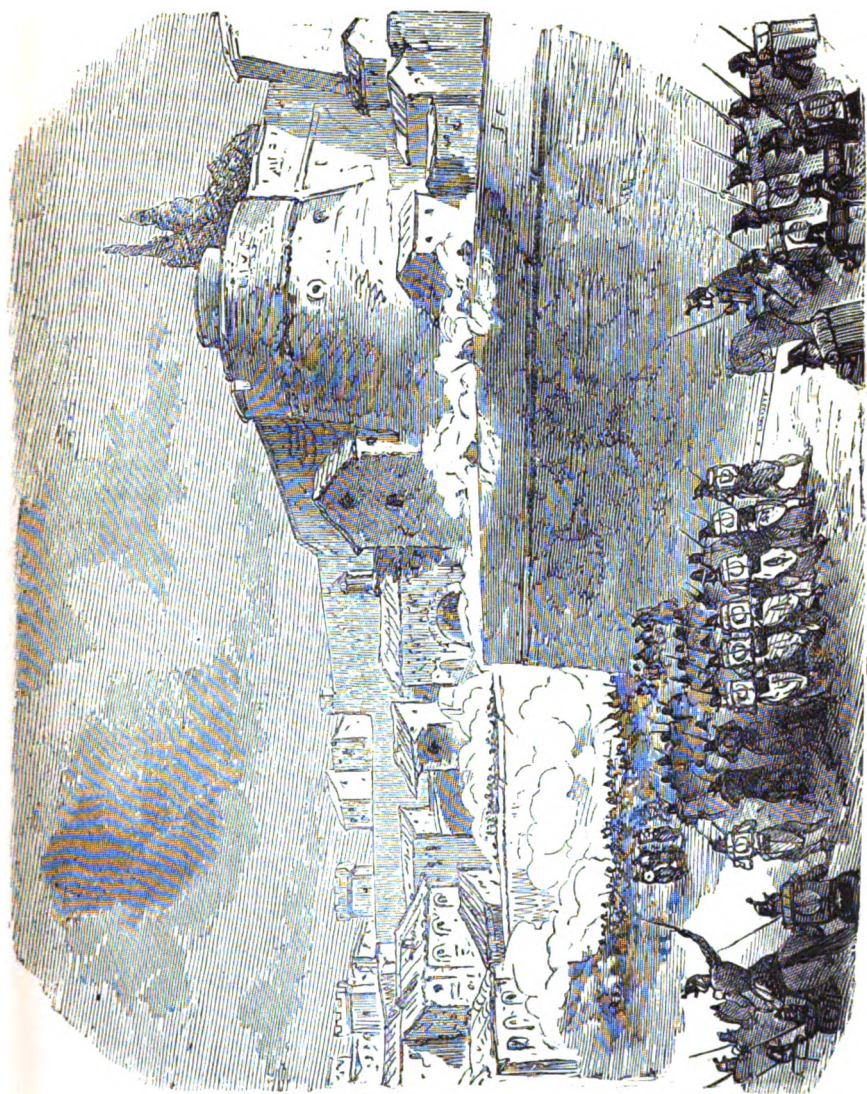


The Roman Officer surprised by the French.

These events soon transpired in Rome, and produced a terrible impression there. Great differences of opinion prevailed among the principal authorities; the Commander-in-Chief, Roselli, urged the necessity of a general attack to regain, at the bayonet's point, all that had been recently lost, but Garibaldi, whose courage could not be doubted, argued strongly against this proposition. Informed of the despondency which, for the moment prevailed in the ranks, even among the best of his own followers, and the mutterings of treason which were circulated, the Guerillero foresaw that such a movement would only accelerate the final ruin. Hence, he declined any share in the responsibility of a retaliation as dangerous as it was useless. This determination produced discussions between Garibaldi and Mazzini, who supported Roselli's proposition. The triumvir forgot to whom he was speaking, and the bitterness of his language not only irritated the proud captain, but deeply wounded his officers, who had all come, like their chief, to risk their lives for the Republic. Garibaldi was greatly admired, but Mazzini was no less popular; and a disagreement between two such men could not fail to have disastrous consequences. Fortunately, all trace of dissension disappeared in the presence of the common danger, and when the defence of Rome had to be recommenced, there was no less ardour on the part of the people, than there was heroism on that of the soldiers.

The bombardment was continued without interruption, and though insignificant when compared with others with which modern history has rendered us familiar, still, if we take into account the present condition, as well as the antecedents of the Romans, it supplies a noble idea of the spirit with which the besieged were animated. One hundred and fifty bombs fell into the city, and several private houses were seriously injured; still, not a complaint, not a demand for surrender was heard. On the 27th, however, when the rumour spread that Garibaldi, owing to a discussion with the General-in-Chief, had abandoned his head quarters at the San Pancrazio Gate, and retired into Rome, there was an immense shout from the people recalling him to his post. Manara, the young and brave chief of the Lombard Volunteers, hastened to him, imploring him to fight; and, when he had consented to reassume his command, the shouts of the entire population followed him to the gate.

Still, the French having drawn up twelve guns in front of the breach they had occupied on the 21st, commanded the principal points of defence left to the Romans, and formed other breaches in the bastions surrounding San Pancrazio. On the night of the 27th, after having by their fire during the day destroyed the Villa Savorelli, and forced Garibaldi, who



The final attack on Rome.

had hitherto occupied it, to remove his head quarters to the Villa Spada, the French troops made a fresh attempt to force their way into the city, but after a combat that lasted several hours, they were repulsed. The bayonet alone, in this action, killed four hundred of the Romans. And yet, the defenders of the Republic were convinced that they were sustaining a hopeless contest! Their inevitable fall was a question of a few days, perhaps, of a few hours. Hence, they could have no other motive than the thought of ending gloriously!

At two A.M. on June 30th, the definitive assault on the city came off. Favoured by the darkness, and the weakness of the advanced posts, the French penetrated in three close columns the various breaches formed in the wall, and rushed into the midst of the Roman encampment. Confused cries, the roll of the drum, and appeal to arms, was heard on every side. Garibaldi advanced to the sound of a popular hymn, sword in hand: the most determined followed him, but the rest, terrified by the suddenness of the attack, remained behind. The French had already carried a barricade built before the Villa Spada: encouraged by the example of their leader, the Romans formed and charged, and the barricade was alternately won and lost amid horrible carnage. At daybreak the combat became general at all points, and was maintained for several hours. A final charge at the bayonet's point, repulsed the French beyond their second line; but it was the last effort of despair, and exhausted all the remaining strength of the Romans. On July 2nd, 1849, Garibaldi sent an aide-de-camp to the Assembly, to announce that any longer resistance was impossible. The triumvirate resigned their power, and the municipal authorities undertook to treat with General Oudinot.

CHAPTER VI.

The Fall of Rome—Garibaldi's Departure—The Legion—Cicerovacchio—Bigotry of the Monks—Desertions—The Austrians in Pursuit—Garibaldi Hemmed In.

THOUGH there could no longer be any doubt as to the speedy dissolution of the Roman Republic, still, the Assembly remained at its post; and the high-minded men who composed it, awaited patiently till force came to discharge them from further services. For two or three days, the deputations proceeding or coming from the French head quarters were incessant; but no steps led to any definitive conclusion. All was uncertainty or melancholy foreboding of evil. In some parts of the city, the people, restless, agitated, and tumultuous, raised barricades and demanded the continuance of the war; but among the majority of the inhabitants a gloomy despair was visible. At length on July 3rd, 1849, the last scene of this mournful drama was enacted: at four P.M., the banner of St. Peter floated once again from the castle of St. Angelo.

On the previous day Garibaldi had convoked, in the square of San Pietro, all the Roman troops, and proposed to them to quit the city, sooner than endure the presence of the victorious foreigner. He added that he would be able to arouse a new insurrection in the provinces, for which the people were prepared and disposed. "Soldiers," he said in conclusion, "all I have to offer you is hunger, thirst, the ground for a bed, the burning sun as the sole solace for your fatigues; no pay, no barracks, no rations, but continual alarms, forced marches, and charges with the bayonet; let those who love glory, and do not despair of Italy, follow me!" Neither the frightful perspective offered them, nor the well known severity of Garibaldi checked his brave comrades in arms, so great was the affection they entertained for their chief. More than 4,000 men responded to this appeal, the last stake of a desperate party, and arrangements were at once made for quitting Rome. Garibaldi took from the

military chest, which was the property of the soldiers, a sufficient sum to supply the immediate wants of his troops, at the same time selling his watch for his own support. This fact, attested by an Englishman present at the time at Rome, is a new and fresh proof of the rare disinterestedness of our hero. The devoted Annita had joined her husband at the beginning of the winter, leaving her three young children in the care of his mother, at Nice. She persisted in accompanying him, though in an advanced state of pregnancy, and no entreaty could turn her from her determination. The numerous dangers to which she knew her husband would be exposed, far from terrifying her, were a further inducement for her to follow him.

On July 2, 1849, at eight o'clock in the evening, at the moment when the French were at the gates of Rome, and the flag of Italy was flying in Venice alone, Garibaldi gave the signal for departure on that memorable retreat, which will probably be his fairest title to military renown. Guided by the daring Cicerovacchio,* and other Romans no less courageous than him, and favoured by night, the Italian legion, with two regiments of dragoons, incomplete and insufficient, and a great number of flags belonging to the various *corps d'armée*, defiled in silence, proceeded through the San Giovanni gate, and following the outer wall of the city, marched along the Tiburtine road. Numerous ammunition and baggage waggons followed the troops, who amounted to 4,000 infantry and about 800 horse. After marching all night, the soldiers and baggage bivouaced, at dawn of July 3, at Tivoli. Here Garibaldi divided his forces into two legions, and incorporated fresh volunteers with the second. On the afternoon of the 4th he ordered the camp to be struck, and the entire column set out. On the same evening they were in the vicinity of Monticelli, where they passed the night. On the 9th July they eventually reached Terni, after crossing the spurs of the Apennines, exhausted by fatigue and privations.

In order not to increase the embarrassment of the communes, which were already compelled to supply provisions and forage, Garibaldi had arranged that the columns while on the march should bivouac in the monastery gardens, if such were near the place of halt, and this was nearly always the case, as those buildings are so numerous on the

* This word signifies *Cicero the Brave*. In applying this *sobriquet* to Angelo Brunetti, the Roman people characterised both the natural eloquence and the rare bravery of their tribune. The adjective *Vacchio* (brave or valiant) is a word belonging to the Roman dialect.

Roman territory. When there were no gardens, they bivouaced on the ground and in the open air, by Garibaldi's express orders. On these occasions, as in all others where courage was required to support physical suffering, the chief was always the first to give an example to his soldiers. A general who refuses even the privilege of a tent, in order not to be better off than the lowest of his followers, is a sufficient rarity; but it is still rarer to find a woman expose herself voluntarily to privations and the enemy's attack, when her condition would have claimed the most attentive care. Annita, whose devotion to the Republic and love of her husband are sufficiently known to us, was ever present, addressing the soldiers with martial ardour, encouraging those who seemed to give way, heightening the enthusiasm of the strong, and accepting no other food than that shared by the privates; and if in any engagement it was necessary to offer an example of bravery, she was seen like a modern Amazon mounted on a noble steed, first in the first ranks, offering her breast to the enemy's bullets.

Though the news of the fall of Rome had reached Terni some days previously, files of republicans continually reached the town, and trees of liberty were being constantly planted in the public squares. Colonel Forbes, who occupied Terni with more than 900 men, immediately placed himself under Garibaldi's orders, and his little band was at once incorporated with the rest. Garibaldi's two legions were at this moment composed of three cohorts each, each again formed of five to six centuries. Lieutenant-Colonel Sacchi was in command of the first legion, Colonel Forbes of the second, while the cavalry was placed under the orders of the American Bueno.

General Oudinot, from false information he received, having supposed that Garibaldi designed to throw himself into the mountains of Albano and Frascati, with the intention of organising a guerilla warfare, sent off on the evening of July 3rd the first division of the expeditionary force in pursuit of him. On the following day the French troops occupied those two towns and their environs, but soon after only one brigade was left there, the other returning to Rome. At the same time that the first division received orders to pursue Garibaldi, General Morris was sent off with several battalions and a large force of cavalry in the direction of Civita Castellana, with orders to occupy that town and reduce it to obedience, as well as Todi, Viterbo, and Orvieto. General Statella was concentrating a corps in the Abruzzi, to dispute with Garibaldi the banks of the Tronto and the Velino, if he designed to invade the Neapolitan

territory. Lastly, several Austrian corps had shown themselves in the neighbourhood of Aquapendente, while others occupied Umbria and the Marches. All these masses of troops, however, remained quiet, awaiting information as to the real intentions of the daring captain.

On the night of July 11, Garibaldi quitted Terni, and marched in the direction of San-Germini. From this moment began the mournful episodes which were destined to mark this unhappy retreat. Exhausted by fatigue, uncertain of their object, but very certain of suffering and danger, a great number of the troops who at Rome resolved to follow the general, and many of the centuries led by Colonel Forbes, deserted their ranks. The weakest, especially the natives, disappeared as they passed by their home-villages. Greedy dragoons, tempted by the value of the horses they rode, disbanded, and thus gave the worst possible example to their comrades. Thus was sown the first seed of discouragement, fated eventually to become almost universal. The injury done the corps by their deserters, henceforth unworthy the name of republicans, was not confined to the loss of horses and arms, for fresh crimes are trifling to men who have committed a first one. The soldiers of yesterday, the thieves and robbers to day, in their disgraceful flight, made illegal requisitions, indulged in pillage, and committed crimes of every description. Hence, through a confusion, produced by the enemies of the cause, came the odious accusations brought against the column, and only applicable to those who had deserted it. Let us speak out openly and boldly: the republican flag ever remained unstained, and the only guilty persons were those over whom it no longer waved. And, yet, what opportunity for reprisals, had not the thought that a noble cause must only be served by noble means, elevated the minds of the gallant defenders of Italy! Take the following episode for instance, selected from a score of others:

On the road leading to Orvieto, and which we shall presently follow with the republican legions, there is a Calmellole Monastery, about eight miles from Todi. This vast and mundane edifice was only inhabited by fifteen white brothers, who consumed its enormous revenues, which would have been sufficient for ten times their number. This building seemed well adapted for a halting place, and the troops rested in the spacious court yard. The sanctity of the spot, the presence of the general, and the carefully observed discipline, all contributed to render an hour's stay quite inoffensive to the brothers. Still, the column had to undergo the bitterest reproaches from them for the alleged violation of their retirement. This was not all. A field-officer arriving two hours

later at the head of the laggards, occupied the same resting space. As his men had been forgotten when the rations were distributed, he went to the monastery and asked two of the brothers to give him a little bread for his soldiers. The men of God replied sharply that they had baked no bread that day, and were themselves short. The officer insisted with all possible politeness, for it seemed strange to him that a monastery should be entirely without bread. The brothers persisted in their declaration, and expressed their great regret, but the officer, still doubting so extraordinary a fact, determined to speak to some other monk, hoping that he might be more successful. He wandered about, entered the bake-house, and rapped at the door of an adjoining room, when suddenly the door was thrown open, and a brother appeared with two enormous dogs. While holding one of them in a slip, the other was hounded on the officer, and so great was the animal's fury, that it would certainly have killed him, had not a trooper, attracted by the noise, put a bullet through the brute. This unexpected assistance at first disconcerted the monk; but soon regaining his presence of mind, he was about to slip the other dog on the soldier, when, at the noise of the disturbance and the shot, some of his comrades came up. The dog was cowed, and the monk arrested to answer for his odious conduct. The room whence the monk had emerged with the two dogs was then searched, and another monk, evidently an accomplice of the first, was found concealed behind the furniture, and also arrested. After this, so much bread was discovered, that not only were abundant rations distributed to the soldiers, but enough was left for one hundred men the next day.

The two prisoners were led before the general at Orvieto. Garibaldi was much irritated by their crime, and the soldiers were urgent for exemplary punishment. Still, the general interceded with the officer attacked, obtained pardon for the insult, and generously restored the monks their liberty. He contented himself with imposing on the monastery, by virtue of the powers he held from the Roman government, a fine of one hundred crowns. The return the monks made for this kind treatment was characteristic of the followers of the Pope. A detachment of cavalry, which had been sent to Foligno, on its return, passing near another monastery in the neighbourhood of Todi, was fired upon by the brethren. The discharge killed the captain and dangerously wounded two troopers.

We are bound to say that the officers had not yet shared in the desertion, which did not cease to render the column dispirited. It was

a touching spectacle to see the leaders of every rank and arm striving to restore courage, and excite emulation in the ranks by ignoring hunger, thirst, and heat. The general and his noble wife, Cicerovacchio, and his companions, distributed among the soldiers the scanty store of spirits they had reserved for their own occasions, and the manner in which they offered it, contributed no less than the cordial, to cause the troops to endure their sufferings patiently.

On mid-day of July 17, 1849, the legions arrived at Todi. They found there several guns, but their heavy calibre rendered them an embarrassment, and they were also considered useless in the mode of fighting intended. Hence, the Garibaldians decided on only taking one, the lightest of them all, and it would have been much better had that been left behind. On the evening of the same day, the general gave the necessary orders for the passage of the Tiber and the Tuscan frontier. In conformity with his instructions the baggage was reduced to 90 bāt horses, each carrying 2,000 cartridges. The carts and horses, and remaining ammunition were handed over to the authorities of Todi. Owing to desertions the corps was at this moment reduced to 3,000 men of all arms.

The frontier of Tuscany, from Citerna, runs diagonally to the central part of the Italian peninsula as far as the Mediterranean, and in an almost perpendicular direction from north to south. Two high roads lead from the Papal States into Tuscany; one, starting from Viterbo, passes through Acquedendente to Sienna; the other, starting from Perugia, goes *viā* Arezzo to Florence. These two roads were occupied by the Austrians. Garibaldi's design was to deceive the enemy by numerous diversions as to the point where he would cross the frontier; and, after having crossed it, to find time to re-enter the legations again before the Austrians could prevent it. A half-squadron, left as rear guard at San Gemini, received orders to advance as far as Foligno, to raise an alarm among the Austrian picquets, and then rejoin the main body as rapidly as possible, while Garibaldi himself remained at Todi, with the intention of advancing on Cetona so soon as the necessary reconnoissances had been effected.

The Austrians were, however, beginning to give signs of life. As soon as they learned Garibaldi's march on Todi, contrary to all their suppositions, they hastily reduced the garrison of Ancona and the other towns in the Adriatic in order to reinforce Umbria, and be able to prevent the column entering the Legations *viā* Perugia. General D'Aspre, from Florence, and General Gorzowski, from Bologna, were preparing with a

heavy force, the first to oppose the progress of the Garibaldians in Tuscany, the second to prevent any attempt on their part in the Romagnas, which were burning for revolt. They wished, as they said, "to bring back to their duty the bands which infested the countries occupied by the victorious arms of the Emperor." The French, under the command of General Morris, after detaching a battalion to occupy Viterbo, were encamped in the vicinity of Collereco. Garibaldi's small band thus appeared enclosed in an immense circle of men and obstacles, which must eventually crush him, but the rare experience of the leader, and his skilful evolutions, saved him from an imminent danger.

CHAPTER VII.

The Flight Continued—Defeat of the Royalists—The Bishop of Chiusi—March on Tuscany—Poor Prospects—Arezzo—A Renegade—Colonel Forbes—General Despondency—San Marino—The Surprise—The Surrender.

ON the morning of July 15, Garibaldi left Todi with the main body of his forces, crossed the river by the bridge of Acuto, and proceeded to Orvieto, which town he reached on the 16th. As soon as the arrival of his column became known, the reactionists hired persons who went through the streets shouting, "Down with the brigands," but this time the villanous attempt to turn Italian arms against Italian hearts failed. The majority of the inhabitants even gave the legionaries a solemn testimony of their sympathy. The camp had been formed on a plain to the left of the river Pallia, where a deputation proceeded to the general, begging him to enter the town with his soldiers. The offer was accepted, and the warmth of the reception surpassed everything that could have been expected. On July 17, Garibaldi quitted Orvieto, and, crossing the Tuscan frontier without any obstacle, entered Cetona on the 19th. To give an idea of the skill and precision with which the general's movements were combined we need only say, that within an hour after the column left Orvieto the French occupied that town.

In addition to the carbineers usually guarding Cetona, a strong walled town, it was garrisoned by two companies of Tuscan regular infantry. The leader of these troops was not informed of the approach of the Garibaldians until some armed scouts appeared before the town walls, whose leader and soldiers fled at full speed. So great was the disorder and hurry of this flight that Garibaldi on entering the town captured several troopers, who had not time to saddle their horses. An hour sooner and all the garrison would have been taken prisoners. The troops who fled so hurriedly from Cetona halted at Chiusi, where, being joined by some rustics, they attempted to prevent Garibaldi's advance by digging trenches and throwing up barricades across the road.

Doubtful of the point of crossing, and supposing from the march of the main body on Orvieto that the Garibaldians would attempt to embark on

board some American vessels of war, which had shown themselves off San Stefano, General d'Aspre had concentrated a large body of troops at Sienna. General Stadion, who commanded them, received instructions to wait till Garibaldi's movements were more fully developed, but he must take such steps in any case as would prevent the column reaching the Mediterranean. In addition, Duke Ernest, sent from Florence with 3,000 men, in search of Garibaldi, was stationed near Montepulciano, and was in a position to attack. All those movements were owing to confidential communications made to General D'Aspre by the diplomatic Agents. Mr. Cass, the American Envoy at Rome, had repeatedly offered to protect Garibaldi and his men; the Austrian Commander, informed of this fact, hence redoubled his vigilance.

In fact, everybody was combined to pursue and overwhelm this unlucky column in its retreat. More than once, armed bands of farmers led by their monks, showed themselves on the summits of the Appenines to cut off the Garibaldians who remained behind the column, and who lost themselves in the difficult paths. When they could do nothing better, these fanatics served as scouts for the foreigners. But, in spite of all their advantages, the Austrians never ventured to offer battle; or rather, would not do so, until joined by the Tuscan troops, so that they might save their own men. Hence, the Garibaldians were offered the cruel alternative of either fighting against Italians who had been their comrades in Lombardy, or refusing the combat. Garibaldi always chose the latter, and the result redounded to his glory. Rapid marches and countermarches, principally at night: the dispersion of the corps in small columns in various directions: unexpected concentrations, continual evolutions, wondrous stratagems, permitted him to avoid a fratricidal contest, while gradually drawing nearer to his great object. Soldiers who have studied the details of these combinations and innumerable stratagems, declare unanimously that they evince the experience of a consummate general. But what could skill and courage avail Garibaldi, when he had everything against him, while his opponents had all in their favour?

In order to reconnoitre the enemy's position, and mask his own designs, Garibaldi sent a squadron from Cetona in the direction of Sienna. The wretched commander of the troops, lacking, perhaps, heart for the enterprise, halted when ten miles from that city. He then sold his horses to the enemy, and escaped to America. Eternal infamy on the traitor! When the legions reached Foiano, provisions ran short, and the General, unaware of the preparations made at Chiusi by the fugitives

from Cetona, sent out a detachment of cavalry to forage. On drawing near that town, they fell into an ambuscade: two men were taken prisoners and handed over to the Bishop, and Garibaldi demanded their release in vain. To save their lives, he thought it his duty to seize some monks at an adjacent monastery, and carry them off with him. But the very clergy who in the Ultramontane journals accused Garibaldi of *feeding on the flesh of his enemies*, were well aware that they had only generosity to expect at the hands of the Champion of Italy. The Guerillero's reprisals so little alarmed the Bishop of Chiusi, that he caused the two prisoners to undergo infamous treatment, and then delivered them to the Austrians. More than one general would not have hesitated to take exemplary vengeance for such an act, but what was Garibaldi's conduct? After keeping the monks prisoners for three days, he set them all at liberty. Such was the atrocious conduct of this Chief of the Brigands!

On arriving at Montepulciano, the Guerillero, in a proclamation full of energetic and generous sentiments, called on the Tuscan people to expel the foreigners, and shake off for the second time the cruel yoke of the Grand Duke. Offering the assistance of his legions, he set out for Florence, the place selected as the focus of the insurrectionary movement. The enterprise was irresistibly perilous: in addition to General Stadion's corps, amounting to 5,000 men, and Duke Ernest's, which was already in a position to attack the legionaries; the garrison of Florence, commanded by General d'Aspre in person, was not less than 8,000 men of all arms. To these forces, so considerable in themselves, must be added the garrisons of Leghorn and the other cities, and the Tuscan troops stationed in various parts of the country. Lastly, the troops in occupation of the Romagna, at least equal in number to those in Tuscany, by leaving weak garrisons in the most important towns, might, in a few days, act in concert, or even join General d'Aspre. In this way, if the insurrection he was about to attempt was unsuccessful, Garibaldi would have no hope of escape.

And the non-success was presumable. We have said that in the mountains the reactionary party, though weak, were aiding, with arms in their hands, to prevent the overthrow of the re-established state of things. Although there was a good spirit rife in the capital, people whispered to each other that the nation had been weakened by recent intestine commotions, rendered desponding by the misfortunes of Italy, and little prepared to rise in revolt at a moment of general prostration. To add to the discouragement, the news from Hungary and Venice, received solely

through the Austrians, was crushing. The combination of so many adverse circumstances necessarily kept the people silent and inactive, which had acquired so brilliant a lustre in the vicissitudes of the past war.

Garibaldi was not in a position to become acquainted with these details; his conscience, pure of any malignant interpretation, forbade him doubting not only the assertions of men known for the love of their country, but of any one who spoke to him about the hopes of Italy. Were such a unanimous effort to cost him a thousand existences, he was ready to attempt the realization of his dreams. The intoxication of the people, on Garibaldi's arrival at Montepulciano, was so great that a vice-prætor of the town, known to be one of the most active and savage satellites of the reaction, ran a risk of his life. It required all the general's authority, and the aid of several armed patrols to rescue him from the fury of his victims. He was guarded during the whole day, and then carried off under a strong escort. When in a place of safety, the vice-prætor was set at liberty. The column marched on Castiglione, and thence, on the 23rd, to Arezzo. The authorities of all the towns they passed through did not hesitate to give in their adhesion to the Montepulciano proclamation. Honourable citizens of every condition came to meet the legions, congratulating them on their arrival, and receiving them with the most manifest sympathy. Crowds ran out into the roads, and made the air resound with the shout of "Long live Garibaldi! Long live Italy!" abandoning themselves entirely to the flattering illusions of a future which appeared close at hand. All were eager to prepare provisions and forage, and to supply the troops with linen and shoes. Refreshments of every description, encouraging words for the weak, offers of release for the worn out, gleams of hope for all—these worthy people forgot nothing which could restore courage and support their resolution. All this took place beneath the eyes of the Austrians under the command of Archduke Ernest. The latter, not daring to attack the Garibaldians openly, marched close at their heels, and did everything in his power to restore the vacillating authority of the Grand Duke.

Arezzo is the most Italian of towns: when the National party, in 1848, summoned the Italians to the plains of Lombardy to chase the foreigners, Arezzo sent a large contingent of young men, and counted more than one martyr. Garibaldi's approach exalted the inhabitants of this patriotic town, and powerful parties were formed through their unexpected support. On the other hand, an equally strong party urged the insanity of an insurrectionist movement, for which the Austrians would not fail to

take an exemplary revenge; and, finally, a slight majority decided that the gates of Arezzo should be closed against the Garibaldians, and that a vigorous resistance should be offered. Garibaldi had heard at Castiglione of this projected resistance; but he hoped that a small number of scattered Italians must have formed the design, and that a still smaller number of Austrians had decided it. He determined to make a trial.

At ten in the evening of the 23rd of July, the column appeared unexpectedly beneath the walls of Arezzo. The general proceeded first to the gate, and shuddered on seeing Austrian and Italian troops combined to close his passage. A pretended delegate from the city stammered, with badly-concealed cowardice, that they did not wish to compromise themselves with the Austrians by receiving within their walls Garibaldi and his soldiers. He added that, if the column would bivouac in the neighbourhood, they would gladly supply him with provisions and all they might require. It would have been easy for the Guerillero to force the passage—but unwilling to accept before posterity the responsibility of a combat against Italians, even if led by foreigners, he ordered the legions to encamp on a hill commanding the city.

The sudden departure from Montepulciano had caused the Archduke Ernest to lose the track of the Guerillero; but when his movements became known at Florence, the surveillance was redoubled. At the same time, orders were hastily sent to General Stadion to quit the suburbs of Sienna, and proceed to the relief of the capital. Stadion, provided with artillery and a numerous body of cavalry, marched to Arezzo to meet the column, and on the afternoon of the 24th he drove in the outposts. The Garibaldians raised their camp and left the neighbourhood of Arezzo. On the evening of the same day they were in full march along the road leading to the Romagnas. After passing Sant Angelo, the soldiers hoped to enjoy some slight repose on the side of a hill; but hardly had night set in than the Austrians came up, attacked the advance posts, and caused an alarm in the camp.

The patriots were aware, however, that of all the troops collected round Ceterna, the archduke's brigade alone had been detached in pursuit of them. This brigade, at daybreak, formed in order of battle, but awaited an attack. Such arrangements revealed the enemy's weakness; they clearly indicated that having no hope of support from the other Austrian corps in Tuscany, from which he was separated by the great Appenine chain, the archduke desired to keep on the defensive. Garibaldi could have made the Austrians pay dearly for their incessant pursuit, and the sufferings they had caused the column, but he had too

little ammunition, and moments were precious. However, he had recourse once again to stratagem. On the evening of July 28th, by a clever flank movement he compelled the archduke to give up his position for a time, and, before he could return, Garibaldi had carried off his stores and men in triumph, with the loss of only a few killed and wounded. The Austrians, when they found how they had been deceived, sent a corps of chasseurs in pursuit of the rear-guard; but the company of brave tirailleurs, led by Colonel Forbes, who was ever the first in danger, constantly covered the march of the legions, and compelled the enemy to keep at a distance.

It is painful to add that, at the moment when the Garibaldians were engaged with the Austrians, several superior officers ignominiously deserted. They were the colonel commanding the cavalry, two majors commanding cohorts, and four officers of lower rank. The desertion which had been manifested ever since leaving Rome had now attained such a pitch, that the two legions and the cavalry combined did not amount to more than 1,500 men.

The band of braves still collected round the flag of liberty; though resolute in their determination not to abandon their leader, grew desponding when they witnessed these repeated desertions, for the defection of some of the leaders had roused a spirit of insubordination among the subaltern officers. One of the traitors had been an intimate friend and confidant of the general, and had followed him in America and Italy through all the phases of his brilliant career. Owing to Garibaldi's powerful support, he had attained the rank of colonel, and, up to this time, had furnished ample proofs of his courage and devotion to the cause of the people. But at the moment when his aid would have been most useful to cheer the drooping and inspire confidence in the troops by his example, this miserable wretch abandoned the sacred cause. His ignominious flight was the more infamous as it offered a bad example, too frequently imitated. Garibaldi and his faithful Annita were profoundly affected by this ingratitude; the soldiers complained of it much, for the abandonment of their leaders seemed a foreboding of disaster. The majority ceased to put any faith in the exhortations of the officers who remained; and, no longer satisfied with words, demanded proofs of the future. Some newspapers, which fell into their hands, were not adapted to reanimate their courage. All the calumnies which the reactionary party always invents against its adversaries were heaped upon the Garibaldians. These valiant champions, seeing their incessant sufferings so poorly recompensed, gave way at times to real despair. Some

there were, who, ignoring the weakness of their own band, the strength of the enemy, and the state of the whole Peninsula, demanded to be led into action, so that, by a decisive victory, they might see the termination of their misfortunes. In a word, all announced a speedy and inevitable dissolution. Garibaldi perceived it, and, to avoid any precipitate determination which might have caused the utter ruin of the corps, he formed a resolution which did as much honour to his mind as to his heart. In order to render defection less disastrous even for those who meditated it, he sought to gain a spot, where the malcontents, leaving the legion, might obtain less severe terms from the enemy. He would then reorganise the more resolute, and gain Venice by bye-roads, whither he was so anxious to proceed.

A very lofty mountain, scarped on the side commanding the Adriatic, and descending in a gentler slope on the side toward the province of Urbino, and at the foot of the latter side a zone of land, undulating in hilly and fertile vallies, with a diameter of about six miles, compose the country of San Marino, which was remarkable for the antiquity of its castles, as it was celebrated through its laws and traditions. A town, built on the crest of the precipice, is the seat of splendid reminiscences; the traffic in the native productions renders another town on the northern slopes flourishing. The labour of a people, generous, hospitable, and as virtuous as the founders of its institutions, renders this country most prolific; and men, chosen by suffrage, govern it as a Republic. The papal government was ever a grave obstacle to the expansion of the noble feelings of this people, educated in fraternity and love; but, although the gloomy intrigues of the clerical party have repeatedly assailed it, the right of asylum still exists there, protected by its traditional antiquity, and the sympathy of the European governments.

As San Marino was the only country favourable to Garibaldi's plans, he strove to reach it without an engagement with the Austrians. But fresh masses of troops were advancing by various routes to cut off his road to the centre of the Romagna. Great attention was therefore necessary to deceive them, and save him from being compelled to make flank marches, or retreat before them. In the present condition of the legions a combat on such unequal terms must be ruinous. The column marched the whole of the 29th along abrupt paths, frequently losing themselves in the woods, or coming up to torrents which they were obliged to ford, while the rear-guard constantly had the enemy's cavalry at their heels. Still, on the same evening, the legions arrived intact at Macerata; but the camp was scarce formed ere imposing forces again menaced them.

They were compelled to start afresh and select a spot where the enemy could not follow without great hazard.

In spite of the difficulties presented by a march across the most scarped mountains and by the roughest paths, the legion had always managed to carry with them the light gun Garibaldi had thought might be useful in action. When there were no horses to drag it, oxen were employed. Owing to the indefatigable activity of the artillerymen, this piece surmounted such obstacles that even the witnesses could scarcely credit it. But such toil was destined to be fruitless. The Garibaldians had arrived almost at the frontier of San Marino, and entered a hollow among the precipices, when suddenly a violent shock, produced by the irregularity of the ground, broke the axle of the limber, and the gun all but rolled to the bottom of the precipice. This unforeseen accident checked the legions exactly at the moment when the vanguard had just reached the opposite side of the basin, and the last soldiers were beginning their descent into it. All were, therefore, collected in the basin, and, instead of hastening to quit it, and abandoning the gun, they were so imprudent, owing to their extreme weariness, as to lie down to sleep.

The general was not present. Wishful to assure himself how he and his followers would be received at San Marino, fearing lest the presence of the Austrians in the neighbourhood, and the fear of an engagement on neutral ground might cause an asylum to be refused, he had gone on in front to confer with some members of the government and learn their intentions. The momentary absence of the general could not expose the legions to any danger, for the enemy could not possibly catch them up ere they reached the frontiers of the Republic. But the delay of at least two hours, made without the knowledge of the chief, and under pretext of repairing the gun carriage, allowed the rear guard to come up with the main body. Hence the troops were left to themselves, and in the manifest risk of being the victims of a surprise.

A body of the enemy, sent from the Romagna against the Garibaldians, having been informed by spies of the new direction taken, had marched the whole night to reach the frontier before them. This corps arrived there on the morning of the 30th, and the Garibaldians were just about quitting the basin, when the enemy suddenly appeared on the heights commanding it, and prepared to attack the legion from two sides simultaneously. The absence of the chief, and the fear of being cut to pieces in this trap, would have produced the most fatal consequences had not the advice of the officers been listened to. Encouraged and excited by them, the soldiers prepared on all sides to quit the basin and gain the heights,

whence the road to San Marino would be open to them. Still, the movement could not be performed without some confusion, which resembled a flight more than the voluntary abandonment of a dangerous post; but it had this advantage, that the enemy were again unable to inflict any injury on the column. The Garibaldians escaped with a few wounds.

The column already occupied the mountain, and was facing the enemy, though out of range, when Garibaldi, who had hurried up at the news of the peril in which his men were placed, made his appearance. He took command of the troops, and saw at once that a victory was an easy matter; but he judged that the advantages he might derive from it would not compensate for the inconveniences which delay in marching might entail. Hence, leaving a body of men to hold the enemy in check, he proceeded with the rest upon San Marino. At mid-day on the 31st July, the entire column was assembled on the soil of the Republic, and Garibaldi published the following General Order:—

“REPUBLIC OF SAN MARINO.

“SOLDIERS.—We have arrived in a land of refuge, and we owe our generous hosts the most exemplary conduct: thus, we shall have deserved the consideration which is due to persecuted misfortune.

“From this moment I free my comrades from every engagement, leaving them at liberty to return to private life; but I would remind them that Italy must not remain in opprobrium, and that it is better to die than to live the slave of the foreigner.

“GARIBALDI.”

The Austrians, however, violating the frontiers of the Republic, were preparing to close every outlet and attack the legion on the following morning. For this purpose, they had sent to Rimini for fresh artillery and troops. The government of San Marino, being aware of the General's intention to dismiss a large part of his followers, offered their intervention to obtain for them an honourable capitulation. Garibaldi accepted the offer, while reserving for his soldiers the right of refusal. The request was submitted to the General-in-Chief, provisionally established at Rimini, by the Regent of San Marino himself. Gorzowski imposed the following conditions:—that all the legionaries should surrender their arms to the government of San Marino, and be at liberty to return home. *Garibaldi would receive a regular passport, and be put on board a vessel in some Mediterranean port, bound to America.*



Garibaldi's followers refuse to surrender.

These bases clearly shewed that the Austrians believed Garibaldi compelled to have recourse to their pity, but a capitulation for himself was far from his thoughts. The Guerillero's sole intention, in accepting the propositions of the San Marino government, was to insure the retreat of those who, profiting by his general orders, were not disposed to follow him to Venice. The general at once assembled around him all the officers of the legions, and informed them of the Austrians' conditions. The majority refused them. "Let us persist," they exclaimed; "let us open a passage by force if necessary; let us go to Venice!" This noble outburst of men who preferred death to humiliation, was a compensation to the captain of liberty for many sufferings.



Garibaldi and the Peasant Guides.

CHAPTER VIII.

Garibaldi Starts for Venice—The Peasant Guides—The Capitulation Broken—
Austrian Proclamation—The Flotilla—Scopimish—Garibaldi Reaches Land—
Death of Annita—Her Burial.

From all sides the enemy now hurried up to occupy the outlets from the little territory of San Marino. More than 10,000 men, collected in one day, enclosed in a narrow circle those who had been simple enough to believe in Austrian respect for neutrals. It was midnight; worn out by long watching, the majority of the legionaries were sleeping, stretched on the pavement of the streets, already encumbered with horses and baggage. Garibaldi, however, was awake. Seated on a stone, he was examining by the light of a lanthorn a topographical map of the environs, and now and then interrogating three villagers seated by his side. He listened with his habitual coolness to the most discouraging accounts about the enemy's strength and position. At times he raised his eyes, and fixing them on one of the villagers, seemed trying to discover the truth or falsehood in his features. He only read surprise at the part they were playing: the good faith of the simple people then appeared to him evident, and he took them all three as his guides.

The Guerillero calculated on the success of a frontier movement, executed with rapidity by night. He would gain at full speed a port on the Adriatic, then steer for Venice. In order for his plan to succeed, all that he needed was to issue unnoticed from the circle in which the enemy had enclosed him. This obstacle surmounted, Garibaldi trusted to his own skill, by the aid of his guides, to deceive the vigilance of the troops held in reserve at Rimini and Cesena. Suddenly the general rose, and like a man who has formed a decisive resolve, he aroused his adjutants, and gave his orders for immediate departure.

"Let who will, follow me," he added; "I offer once again fresh combats, privations, and exile, but never will I form a compact with the foreigner." And without any further delay he mounted his horse, and set out, preceded by his guides. Circumstances had not permitted all of the patriots to obtain billets; that is why we saw a great part of the soldiers sleeping on the

pavement amidst the horses and the baggage; but some more fortunate had obtained quarters in private houses, without the knowledge of their respective chiefs. These could not hear or receive the order for departure, while others, trusting to the treaty proposed by the enemy, resolved to accept the general's dismissal. Owing to these two causes Garibaldi was followed by no more than 200 officers and soldiers.

The little band had decamped two hours before their departure was known in the Austrian camp. This surprising news was immediately forwarded to Rimini. It would be difficult to form an idea of the rage Gorzowski experienced at seeing the Guerillero escape him, were not a proclamation addressed by him to the inhabitants still in evidence. As insulting in his language as he was brutal in his actions, the Austrian general threatend to shoot, on the spot, any one who gave *water, bread, or fire* to Garibaldi or his followers, whom he treated as bandits and malefactors who had cheated the gallows: and, as if the heroes could not be recognised by this description, the unworthy general was careful to add that Garibaldi was accompanied by a woman who was in the sixth month of her pregnancy. On the morning of August 1st, the ferocious German, in the hope of again checking the movement of the Guerillero, marched on Cesenatico, and occupied Verucchio with his troops; but he found himself a day's march behind, and was soon obliged to resign all hopes of preventing the embarkation. Garibaldi, in fact, on arriving at Cesenatico, had made some Austrians, he found there, prisoners, and protecting himself against any surprise by barricades, he had time to prepare the vessel and provisions, and put out to sea, before the troops in pursuit had reached the place.

More than a thousand officers or soldiers belonging to the disbanded column remained at San Marino. The sudden departure of the general had caused consternation to those among them who had wished to share with him all the vicissitudes of the retreat. Many lamenting their own carelessness on that luckless night, wandered about among the mountains in search of Garibaldi, disdaining to submit to the good pleasure of the enemy. Others trusting in the execution of the proposed agreement, dared to hope safety in the Austrians' good faith, and decided to give up all hostility; they were waiting to learn to whom they should surrender their arms, and proceed to their homes. As regards the last, it is evident that the general's departure could change nothing in the conditions offered by the enemy; still, this is what happened:—

On the morning of August 1st, an Austrian officer made his appearance at San Marino, who, in the name of the Archduke Ernest, commanding

the blockading forces, intimated to the government the order to conclude the treaty offered the previous day to the Garibaldians. In case of refusal, the city would be occupied by troops, all the foreigners made prisoners, and the least attempt at resistance, punished with the utmost rigor. The Regent to whom the majority of the soldiers had already passed their word to execute the agreement, assured the archducal envoy that by mid-day the territory of the Republic should be freed from the last republican. To the great surprise of all the officer then insisted on the change of one article in the capitulation. It had been agreed that each soldier, on surrendering his arms, should receive a regular passport, allowing him to return home in all safety; but it was now proposed to deliver them ably rated as far as Rimini, where the disbanded men would await the final determination of General Gorzgowski. The officer, however, pledged his word of honour, that this was merely a precautionary measure, and that not a single hair of their head would be touched. On the assurance of a man who was supposed incapable of offering a trap, the arms were given up. After their receipt the government of San Marino generously emptied the public treasury in giving a viaticum to the old defenders of Rome; and at eleven in the morning, about 900 men, in small detachments, marched to Rimini. We shall see presently how the unhappy men fared, who had the imprudence to put faith in the Austrians; but we must now return to our hero.

Thirteen fishing boats belonging to Chioggia, received on board Garibaldi and the men who followed him, in the port of Cesenatico. On the morning of August 2, the small flotilla lifted their anchors and steered in the direction of Venice. The bold navigators were full of hope; for they believed the object of their fruition was at last within their grasp, that object for whose sake they had feared no privation, and shunned no peril. A fresh breeze blew in the direction of Venice, and the whole day was spent beneath a gloriously serene sky, and in the formation of the most seductive prospects. The boats of the flotilla were steered by the most faithful and devoted Volunteers of the American legion, who, after having fought by Garibaldi's side afloat and ashore, without ever wishing to leave him, had survived, though few in number, the combats of Italy.

The fishermen, though skilled in managing their boats in waters they were acquainted with, trembled at the thought of falling into the hands of the Austrians. To insure the success of the expedition, all engaged in it ought to have been willing to run any risk to reach the shore; but the few brave men, capable of managing vessels, were not sufficient, and they were compelled to trust to the fishermen and good fortune. At

nightfall the wind suddenly turned round to the opposite point, and began to prove rather boisterous. Garibaldi's boats were coasting along the southern extremity of the Gulf of Venice, called *Punta di Maestra*, and although the sun had already disappeared, the grand queen of the Adriatic, the object of all their desires, could be distinctly seen. At this moment the general's boat perceived several war vessels approaching the Mouths of the Po, which were soon recognized as Austrian. It was the light squadron detached to blockade the lagunes on the side of Brondolo, which had discovered Garibaldi's flotilla, and immediately set off in pursuit. The *Orestes* brig, two cutters, and a steamer, composed the enemy's forces, placed under the command of Captain Scopinich, a savage Sclavonian, well known to the sailors for his cruelty. Schopinich lowered his armed boats, and these crowded with men, prepared at once to surround the Garibaldians. The latter, however, did not alter their course; forced to sail against a contrary wind and on a very rough sea, Garibaldi, when the enemy were first sighted, was making his last tack to reach *Punta di Maestra*. This point passed, he would have found himself under the protection of the Venetian boats, stationed off there to protect the blockaded coast. The fishermen worked with extraordinary ardour, for they thought that they were about to escape the enemy by running on the Istrian coast, but at the moment when the Austrian boats were most dispersed, the general gave orders to tack once again. His design was to pass between the enemy's vessels and in this way save all his comrades. It was with great reluctance that the sailors thus exposed to the vessels of war, obeyed orders. Still, they did do so, but after a short tack, they lost their presence of mind, and came within range. A furious cannonade was begun, which caused them to lose all courage, and fly precipitately. This shocking example produced a disorder among the other boats, which imitated the first. Had it not been for this luckless flight, they might have gained their object without any great loss, or at any rate, run into the Mouths of the Po or the Adige; and, once there, they could have fought the enemy's boats with success, as the water was too shallow for the ships to come up to their aid.

Though commanded by the heavy battery of the *Orestes* and the other vessels which were within pistol range, careless of all danger for himself, and having no other thought but to save his brave comrades in arms, Garibaldi did not cease urging the cowardly fishermen to follow him. He exhausted his efforts to make them obey; he tried to render them ashamed of their flight; he represented to them that escape was certain; he offered them in advance any payment they might desire; but nothing

could induce them to display a little heart. In the meanwhile, a long boat, which had started in pursuit of the scattered barks, succeeded in cutting off six from the main body; others were followed by two other armed boats, and the violence of the firing compelled them to seek safety in flight. The *Bragosa*, on board which was the general, and four boats, commanded by intelligent officers, succeeded, by skilful manœuvres, in running ashore at La Mesola; but the other eight, after vain attempts at flight, were placed in a dangerous position by the Austrian vessel. The weakness of their means of attack, and the obstinacy of the fishermen, who preferred a prompt surrender to the chances of a desperate defence, having deprived the soldiers of all thoughts of resistance, they surrendered. The disarmed Legionaries were put on board the different vessels; and, with menaces of death, and coarse sarcasms on the part of Schopinich, they were carried in chains to the fastness of Pola.

The four boats which gained the shore on the morning of August 3, contained the most precious relics of the legions. Beside Garibaldi and his beloved Annita, these boats carried the staff, Cicerovacchio and his two sons, Father Ugo Bassi, and a few of the bravest officers and soldiers. On landing, the majority considered that so small a band could not offer any resistance to the enemy, and each sought a place of escape for himself. The general, his wife, and an officer sincerely attached to him, after a short rest in a peasant's cottage, changed their dress, entered a neighbouring wood and proceeded in the direction of Ravenna. But the unhappy Annita had suffered too greatly from her rude trials by land and sea, often wanting food and sleep, and her powers of endurance were exhausted. The rare love she had for her husband, her devotion to the cause of the people, even more rare in women, had hitherto sustained her, and rendered her almost insensible to pain, and the sufferings inherent in her condition; but the uncertain fate of so many companions, whose perils and glory she had shared, the perspective of a wretched future for her husband and children, had crushed her vigour, destroyed her strength, and she was reduced to extremities.

The three fugitives wandered for two days from forest to forest, with the design of finding a refuge at Ravenna. The peasants aided them to hide, and at times, what seems almost incredible, the police kindly offered them assistance when they did not act as their guides. All this aid was not too much; for the Austrians, having learned the rout and landing of the Garibaldians, were searching the country in every direction to chase them like wild beasts. On the third day the fugitives, still preoccupied with their escape from the enemy, had scarce commenced their flight

than Annita made a sign to stop, and she almost fell to the ground, so utterly was she exhausted.

Garibaldi and his comrade hastened to support her and bear her to a neighbouring farm, where they hoped to find food, and means to carry her to a place of security. But, on arriving there, they learned from some sailors that the Austrians were close on their track, and they were forced to retreat at full speed. Fortunately, a nobly-minded man supplied a phaëton, with which the flight was continued during several hours. Towards evening the three fugitives had arrived at a cheese farm at no great distance from Ravenna, the property of the Marquis Guiccioli, where the ill-fated Annita fainted. They stopped at once, and went to ask asylum and help at the nearest spot. Garibaldi took his precious burden in his arms, carried the sick woman to a small bed piously offered by the good rustics, whom noble sentiments of humanity caused to forget the ferocious menaces of the Austrian Proconsul, and, after having asked for a draught, with which her husband tried to refresh her parched lips, she expired—victim of conjugal affection, and marvellous seal for the cause of the people. May Italy raise a monument to such a woman, which will render her memory immortal!

This unexpected loss struck Garibaldi with stupor, and if he did not shed a tear upon his wife's corpse, it was because, hardened by misfortune, by a long exile, and the woes his country suffered, the sources of tears were dried up; still, the pallor which has covered his face since that catastrophe, remains as an ineffaceable testimony of the grief he suffered. The fear of compromising the honest farmers, who, were he surprised in their houses by the Austrians, would have suffered dearly for the hospitality they granted, decided Garibaldi on departing so soon as, with his comrade's help, he had given a humble burial to his wife's body in an adjoining field.

The pity and respect of the poor farmers who had granted an asylum to the dying Annita, induced them to keep her burying-place a secret till better times. This was the desire of her unhappy husband, and it was to their advantage too, though they did not take that into consideration. Unhappily the instinct of a favourite dog of the deceased rendered all precautions futile. The poor brute, seeking its mistress, scratched up the soil in which she was buried, to such an extent, that attention was attracted, and the mystery discovered. With the Austrians hatred is not extinguished even in presence of a tomb; and the pious persons who had accomplished a deed of humanity, paid with imprisonment for the crime of sheltering rebels.

CHAPTER IX.

The fate of the Republicans—Death of Ugo Bassi—Escape of Garibaldi—His Stay at New York—Visit to Peru—Return to Europe—Peaceful Employment.

At a short distance from the frontiers of San Marino, several companies of the enemy were posted: about 800 of the Garibaldians, who had accepted the capitulation, fell into the ambushade, and were made prisoners. These unhappy men, whose only fault was in having placed confidence in the word of honour of an officer, were stripped of all they possessed, and led with the vilest treatment from Rimini to Bologna. From the latter town, after a long imprisonment, the Lombardo-Venetians were sent through into the unhealthy casemates of the fortress of Mantua, and the majority of them were compelled to enter the army, while the rest, about 400 in number, subjects of Rome, or other parts of Italy, after receiving thirty blows of the stick under the coarse jests and cruel ridicule of the Croats, were set at liberty.

The old legionaries who, not to bow their heads before the victor, had assembled in small detachments, or sought their safety separately by crossing the mountains, met even a worse fate than the others. Captured by the enemy's scouts or the armed bands of the Tuscan reaction, many of them were shot on the spot; nine horsemen, whom extreme fatigue had compelled to rest in a wood, were surprised by the Tyrolese riflemen, and shot without sentence or inquiry. Owing to the repeated charges of plunder and spoliation brought against them, the Garibaldians, in the enemy's belief, must be loaded with money and precious objects; thus every one captured was stripped and searched from head to foot. It even happened, and that not unfrequently, that the officers joined the soldiers in searching the prisoners' pockets; but as few of them satisfied the avarice of the Austrians, they underwent the most cruel treatment, and too often lost their lives because their murderers were disappointed.

Colonel Forbes, an Englishman by birth, but a brave defender of the Italian cause, first in Tuscany, then in Rome, several distinguished officers of all ranks, and about ninety soldiers, were captured in the



Death of Annita.

John L. Argy

eight boats which we saw dispersed in the gulf of Venice. Carried to Pola, these unhappy men were kept prisoners for more than a month, with unheard of refinements of cruelty. While receiving just enough food to prevent them dying of starvation, they were incessantly threatened with death. When the cruel sport began to weary their torturers, they were conveyed under a strong escort to Lombardy, which country they reached after a lengthened journey from prison to prison. On arriving at the last station of calvary, many of the prisoners proved that they were not Austrian subjects, but Swiss and Piedmontese; these were then put over their respective frontiers towards the end of December.

Colonel Forbes, on the demand of England, who never leaves her subjects, no matter their political opinions, at the mercy of despots, was free in October, or after two months' detention. Father Ugo Bassi, an eloquent apostle of the Gospel, and zealous defender of liberty, had escaped, with Garibaldi, from the pursuit of the Austrians' boats. When they landed, he separated from his comrades, after an affecting farewell, and proceeded to seek a refuge. Accompanied by Livraghi, Ugo Bassi went in the direction of Comacchio, where he hoped to find an asylum in the house of a friend, as well as assistance and advice for continuing his journey. But misfortune willed it that the two fugitives entered a house to change their garments and lay aside their arms; they were surprised by the police agents, bound hand and foot like assassins, and taken to Bologna. Here, after, the mockery of a trial, they were both shot on the public square, their last words being "long live liberty!" The execution of the two martyrs took place on August 8, 1848. On the next morning the first rays of the rising sun shone on a thousand *immortelle* crowns, which the piety of the people had laid upon their tomb.

The Austrians did not dare to brave the popular fury by publicly immolating Garibaldi's faithful guide, Cicerovacchio, who, although gagged and manacled, was still dangerous. As the personification of the Roman people, Cicerovacchio had been, for a long period, the representative of liberal ideas; and he was personally well adapted to fill the part of leader of the people. A profound mystery still broods over the mournful end of this extraordinary man, although one of Garibaldi's officers, who succeeded in escaping from Ancona, declared that from his dungeon he saw him shot. During the Italian war a rumour was rife that Cicerovacchio was still alive, and on October 5th, 1859, Garibaldi wrote from Bologna to the Italian journals: "Some time back the Austrian papers stated that Cicerovacchio and his two sons were in the Crimea selling stores to the troops; I should like much to learn from

them whether our unhappy friends returned thence. During the last war we had many Austrian prisoners, but we respected them." What became of many other officers and soldiers who followed Garibaldi up to the last moment? Even at the present day their fate remains a secret; some were discovered by the enemy, chased through forests and morasses, and finally captured and shot; others, killed like dangerous animals, remained without sepulture in these deserted districts, and became food for wolves.

We have seen Garibaldi, who quitted Rome with 4000 men and 800 horse, finally left alone. After the death of his beloved Annita, he had not even the sorrowful consolation of indulging in his grief, for the country was still occupied by the Austrians, and his own safety compelled him to take the greatest precautions. Frequently hidden for several days in succession beneath hospitable roofs, whose owners braved all dangers to offer him assistance; at other times concealed in woods and caves during the day, and only continuing his journey by night, he at length reached Ravenna, where he passed some days in the house of a sure friend. Then pursuing his troubled wanderings, he succeeded in reaching Tuscany safe and sound. Setting out thence in a fishing-boat, he landed on September 5th at Porto Venere, a small seaport in the Sardinian States, on the Gulf of Genoa.

The general's painful pilgrimage had lasted thirty-five days. During all this time, Garibaldi, frequently passing through the middle of the Austrians, was ever saved from the dangers he incurred by the ingenious devotion of truly Italian hearts. Reduced to the melancholy condition of having frequently nothing to eat but the wild fruit he plucked in the forest, he could not evince his gratitude as he could have desired; but he delivered a certificate for each act of kindness done him, and these precious documents are at the present day so many patents of nobility for the families who merited them.

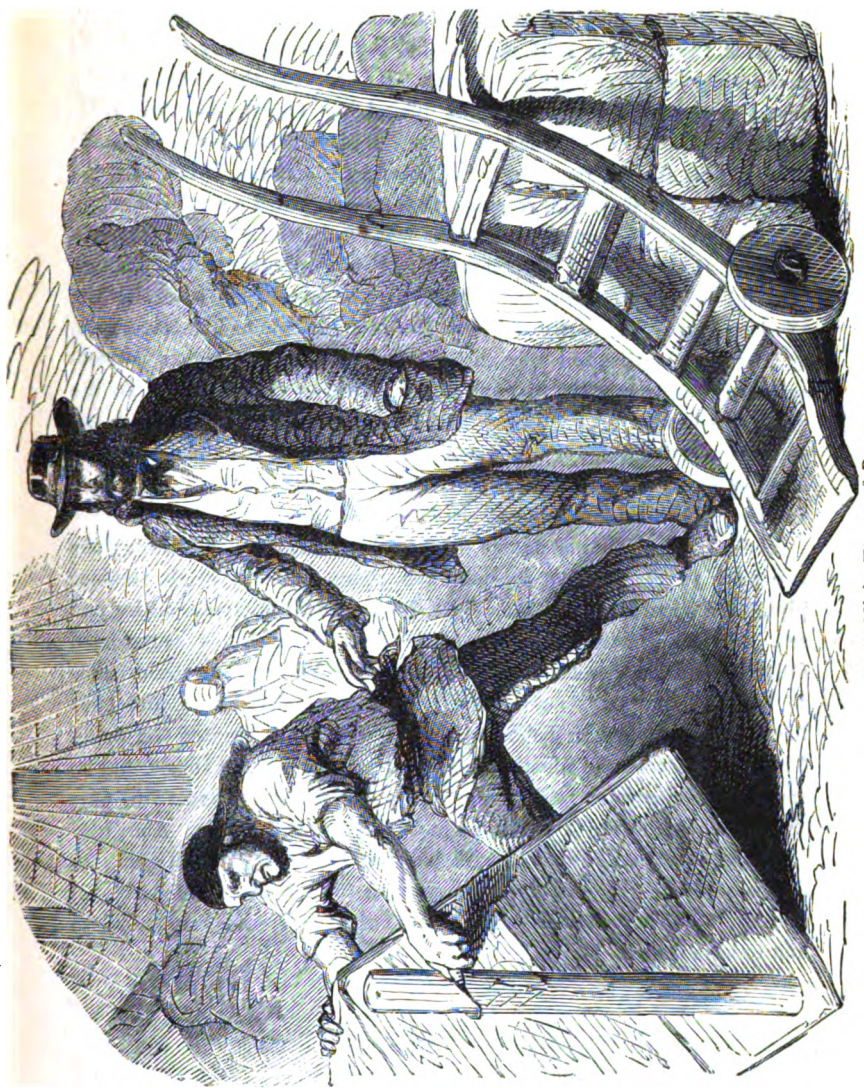
The excitement of the popular mind caused great disturbances to the Sardinian government, who feared to encourage it, lest they might be carried further than they wished to go. They were alarmed at the spread of the theories of the Red Republicans, and supposing that Garibaldi, owing to his recent relations with Mazzini, was strongly imbued with them, they saw with great displeasure his residence in Sardinia. In spite of an order of the day issued by the Chamber of Deputies to the effect, that any intimidation to send him away would be a violation of the constitution, after a few weeks devoted to his country, during which the intrepid soldier visited his mother and children at Nice,

he was advised to make preparations for his departure. Garibaldi obeyed without a murmur; he refused all offers of pecuniary assistance made him, and determined to fall back once again on his own resources. He was soon seen at Tangiers and other seaports, as actively engaged as if the days of Monte Video and Rome had never glittered; but employment presently failed him in the mercantile marine. While waiting for new employment to offer itself, let us see, from the pages of a recent writer, what a courageous resolution is capable of.

"In 1850, in one of the least frequented streets of New York, by the side of a small candle factory, was a tobacconist's shop, kept by a Genoese of about sixty years of age, handsome, tall, with a noble face and lofty language. It was Joseph Avezzoni, formerly General, Chief of a Government, Minister of War; who now sold cigars to support himself in the land of exile. At this period, one of Garibaldi's friends, an officer in the Genoese Navy, arrived at New York, and his first visit was to the illustrious captain. He found him, as he told me, with his shirt sleeves turned up, engaged in a corner of his shop in dipping wicks attached to short canes into a pan of boiling tallow. "I am happy to see you," he said, "and I should like to shake your hand, but mind the tallow! You have arrived at a capital moment; I have just solved a nautical problem which has bothered me for a long time;" and, after giving the formula and solution of his problem, he added: "How droll it is that I found it at the bottom of this well of tallow! No matter! I am growing weary of this trade: I have a longing to go to sea once more, and we shall meet again."*

A short time later, and Garibaldi proceeded to Peru. The Italians, Genoese, and Nizzards, above all, are very numerous at Lima; and some who are merchants and ship-owners, have very large establishments. Others keep *restaurants*, *cafés*, pastry shops, and grocers' shops; and at the period of our narrative, about one hundred emigrants were collected there, who had fought in 1849 with Garibaldi's free corps. All these Italians were excited when they heard that their illustrious countryman was about to land at Callao, a port connected with Lima by a railway. A deputation proceeded in their name to receive Garibaldi on the mole, and conducted him in triumph to Lima. The Guerillero still wore his long hair and beard, a broad brimmed felt hat, and a short maroon coloured tunic, fastened round the waist by means of a leathern girdle. When the procession passed through the Espaderos Street, it was

* Leopold Spini, *vie et exploits de Garibaldi*.



Garibaldi in Times of Peace.

welcomed by shouts of joy and energetic *vivas*. Garibaldi, whose gentle face contrasted with his martial garb, received their manifestations of sympathetic enthusiasm with admirable modesty.

Many writers have stated that Garibaldi, during his stay in South America, from 1852 to 1854, commanded the Peruvian army, and gained many victories; but facts are not so. He accepted the command of a vessel bound for China, which was offered him by his countryman, M. Denegri, who was established at Lima. He completed his crew, made preparations for his departure, and finally set sail for China. In the summer of 1854, Garibaldi returned to Genoa on board a small American merchant vessel he commanded. The fears with which he had formerly inspired the Sardinian Government had now disappeared. Though Mazzini had not abandoned his hostility, or his efforts to excite the passions against the crown of Savoy, the new institutions had taken root, and if the Constitution were not perfect, still many Italian patriots accepted it provisionally, in hope of him bringing better days. To the great satisfaction of the Constitutional party, and the despair of the Radicals, Garibaldi, after five years' absence, gave in his adhesion to the existing forms of Government, exhorting the people to imitate him, and consider Piedmont the *hope and example of Italy*.

Nothing of a political nature marked the Guerillero's life during the two next years. Having accepted the command of a small steamer plying between Nice and Marseilles, he passed them almost entirely at sea. He performed the duties of his position with his accustomed diligence and zeal, and strangers who did not know the bronzed sailor so busy on the quays among the bales and merchandize, would have found some difficulty in believing that it was the celebrated Garibaldi. This toil procured the illustrious Nizzard some pecuniary solace, and he employed the greater part of the money so laboriously earned in purchasing a small estate in the island of Capraja, near Sardinia. A modern Cincinnatus, he cultivated it with his own hands, while still going to Genoa or Nice. He took an active part in the labours of the National Society, up to the moment when the hour of deliverance appeared to him to have struck.

CHAPTER X.

Causes of the Italian War—Popular Excitement—Austria and Piedmont—French Assistance—Garibaldi to the Rescue—The Action at Varese—Retreat of the Austrians—Garibaldi at Como—Our own Correspondents—The Attack on San Fermo—Como.

BEFORE we proceed to narrate the memorable achievements of our hero during the Italian war, we will venture to offer some explanation as to the character of that war, and the motives which induced the rest of Italy to call on Piedmont for help.

Since the abdication of Charles Albert, Piedmont had slowly advanced in the path of constitutionalism, and the new king made a most resolute stand against the pretensions of the Pope. Toleration became the rule in Piedmont, and all the Italian people, comparing it with the cruel persecutions committed in the name of religion in Tuscany, formed vows for the prosperity of the House of Savoy. All this while Victor Emanuel and Count Cavour had not forgotten the humiliation their country had suffered at the hands of Radetzky, and the Crimean war enabled them to secure a powerful ally in France. During the sitting of the Congress of Paris, the affairs of Italy were brought forward, and Cavour took occasion to make a very smart attack on Austria. This was followed by an active controversy in the papers, and the minds of the Sardinian people were so excited that a contest appeared inevitable. On March 16, 1857, the Turin Chamber of Deputies, by a majority of 110 against 14, voted the fortification of Alexandria, and the *Gazette del Popolo* immediately proposed a national subscription, whose proceeds should be devoted to casting 100 guns for the new fortress. The object was understood, and the whole of the Peninsula poured in contributions. From Rome, Tuscany, Sicily, even from Naples, subscriptions were received, all seeming to say to Piedmont, "We are with you against the Tedesco." The relations between Piedmont and Austria grew daily more critical, and when Francis Joseph remained several weeks at Milan during his Italian progress, no envoy was sent by Victor Emanuel to compliment him, as is usual under such circumstances, between the sovereigns of adjacent countries. All these circumstances combined, broke off

diplomatic relations between the two countries, and Italy gave way to intoxicating joy at the thought of the coming contest. The provinces most held in subjection by the Croats evinced their affection for the *Rè galantuomo* and his Ministers, by means peculiar to the Italian character. The cigars preferred by smokers were called *Cavourini*, and the cry wasevery where raised of "VIVA VERDI," for those letters typified the favourite sentence, *Viva Victor Emmanuele Rè D'Italia*.

In the meanwhile, France attempted a reconciliation between the two sulking powers, but her efforts availed nothing. Under these circumstances, she took the part of Piedmont decidedly, and several sharp notes were interchanged, followed by that memorable address to M. de Hübner, on January 1, 1859, which created a consternation throughout Europe.

On January 3rd, 8th, 14th, 1859, an order of the day, addressed to the National Guard of Turin, by the Commander-in-chief, foreboded grave complications. Two days later, Victor Emanuel, on opening Parliament, delivered a discourse, in which there were several significant passages. The Deputies, in their reply, displayed their perfect confidence in the king, and promised the aid of the nation, whatever eventualities might arise. Austria, however, was making formidable preparations; she had already 84,000 men, of all arms, in Lombardo-Venetia, and was repairing or enlarging the fortifications of Verona, Mantua, Milan, and Pavia. The Sardinian government leaving the maintenance of public order to the National Guard, massed its regular troops along the frontier. The marriage of Prince Napoleon and the Princess Clotilda in the same month, was, however, a more valuable defence than any the country could supply.

We need not dwell on all the events which preceded the war, or the vain efforts made by the whole diplomatic body to prevent it. Cavour had made up his mind to fight, and it is possible that the Emperor of the French was fully prepared to aid him, in spite of his pacific efforts. During the diplomatic crisis, however, Italy was growing greatly agitated, and manifestations took place which the reinforcement of the Austrian garrisons could not prevent. While the students refused to learn German, Milan, Verona, Modena, and Pavia, pronounced energetically against the foreigners, and the small princes whom they held under their thumb. At the same time, the National Society of Turin was actively engaged in paving the way for a revolution, by sending printed manifestos

from hand to hand. Garibaldi was the vice-president of the society, and, by his initiative, printed instructions were issued on the 1st March, 1859, in preparation for the coming struggle.

In the presence of the grave eventualities that were arising, the Sardinian government now authorized the formation of a corps of volunteers. Masses of young men of the best families of Lombardy, Tuscany, Parma, Modena, &c., flocked in at once to enrol themselves beneath the banner of Piedmont. Of course, the Italian Volunteers could have no other commander than Garibaldi. Victor Emanuel, in fact, intended the command of these heroic youths for him, but such were the unjust charges constantly brought against the illustrious Guerillero, that M. de Cavour at first hesitated to proclaim the choice of the cabinet.

On March 5th, 1859, the *Moniteur* declared that the Emperor of the French had promised the king of Sardinia to defend him against any aggressive act on the part of Austria. Thus, Victor Emanuel, was wise enough not to commence hostilities, and the support of France was assured him in the war, which everybody now believed to be imminent. Lord Cowley's mission had been a failure, and Austria was preparing to take the field. She completed her military administration, organised her hospital staff, and recalled the men on furlough. Her forces in Italy consisted of twenty-three infantry regiments amounting to 140,390 men: two battalions of rifles, 10,280 men; four border battalions, 5,000 men; five regiments of light cavalry, 6,400 sabres; four regiments of artillery, 4,000 men; siege artillery and rocket brigade, 6,000 men; pioneers, 1,700; engineers, 3,500; forming a grand total of at least 177,000 men of all arms.

The French government had recalled from Algeria Renaud's division, and was taking other military steps to keep the promise made through the *Moniteur*.

In the presence of such preparations it would have been madness for Piedmont to disarm, in obedience to the Austrian note of March 31st. Since 1850, Piedmont had maintained, without serious financial embarrassment, an army of 49,500 men and 7,650 horses, and could, if necessary, raise it to 112,000 men and 18,750 horses. The government was the more disposed to place the army on a war footing, for the provinces as well as the capital would not allow the national honour to be sacrificed for any consideration. And it was not alone in the interior of the State that this patriotism was shown. Even in foreign countries every man in whose breast an Italian heart beat, was impatiently awaiting the commencement of the contest with Austria. A proof of this was seen in

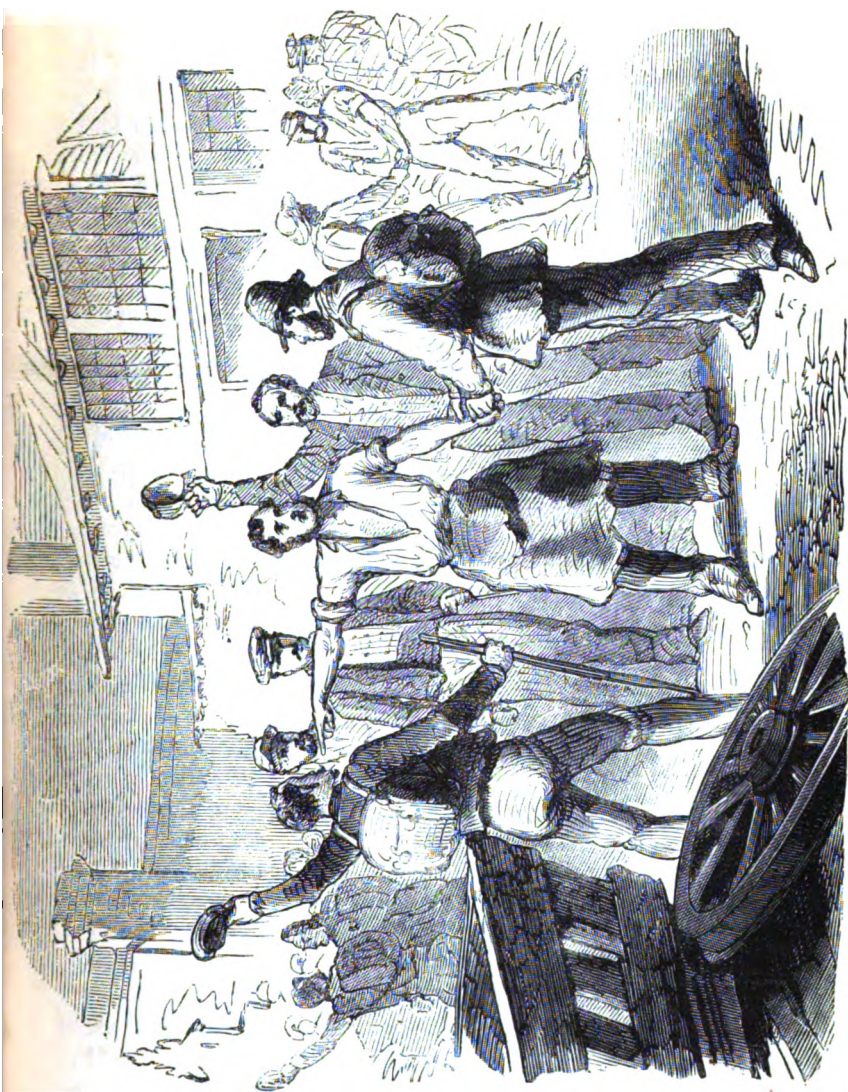
France; some Piedmontese workmen, who had served in the Crimea, were working in a railway factory, but so soon as war appeared inevitable, they all set out to rejoin the Piedmontese army.

During the delay in the commencement of hostilities, volunteers still flocked into Piedmont from all parts of Italy, in spite of the Austrian attempts to prevent it. It was known on April 4th, that Garibaldi had been nominated major-general ten days before, but the time had not yet arrived to break through the official reserve, and the organs of the Sardinian cabinet continued to maintain silence as to the promotion granted to the energetic combatant of 1848 and 1849.

Jupiter, as the poet says, first blinds those whom he intends to destroy. In spite of all representations, and the warnings of France, who was determined on defending her ally if attacked, Austria sent in April 50,000 more men into Italy, bringing up her strength to 200,000 men, and Milan alone had more than 5,000 Croats within its walls. A military conference took place in April 8, at Vienna, under the presidency of the Emperor, and an aide-de-camp immediately set out for Italy. Piedmont prepared with solemn calmness and masculine energy to face the danger; the enthusiasm felt for the war in the provinces grew daily greater, and repeated manifestations took place in Turin, in which the people united the names of France and Italy in their thanksgivings. Rich landowners in Lombardy made considerable offers of money for the equipment of the Volunteers. The fine body of Chasseurs of the Alps was already quartered at Cossi and Saviglione, well organised, armed, and disciplined, and going through their daily drill with the best possible will. General Garibaldi reviewed these Volunteers, and appeared highly pleased with their efficiency.

As events hurried forward, the English nation, imitating the French, also began to display its sympathy with the Italian cause, and subscriptions were raised in London for those poor families, whose members were fighting for the independence of their country.

While 800 fresh Croats were making their entrances into Milan; while Cremona was the scene of renewed contests between the Hungarians and Bohemian troops; while persons of all classes were being arrested, the men hung, the children whipped, and the women bastinadoed, the emigration continued more powerful than ever. The enthusiasm was general and the ardour of the young men carried the aged along with them. They assembled and proceeded towards the frontier in divisions. Not a young man was left in Parma, Modena, or Milan; they were all embodied in the Sardinian regiments, or in Garibaldi's legion. It was



Enthusiasm of the Italians.

easy to see that a word from Victor Emanuel was sufficient to set all Italy in revolution, and emigrants even arrived from Trento, at the furthest extremity of Italian Tyrol.

The concourse of volunteers was so considerable that the ranks of the Chasseurs of the Alps were closed, and a second division of that corps formed. A project was started to attach a hundred mounted guides to the first division, which was under Garibaldi's immediate command, and straightway one hundred young men, belonging to the richest families, offered their services, and proposed to find their equipment at their own charges. The second division of Garibaldi's legion assumed the name of Chasseurs of the Apennines, which indicated a special destination, and was placed under the command of General Ulloa, so well known for his defence of Venice. Manin's son came to Turin to enrol himself. Nino Bixio (now in Sicily), was appointed major in Garibaldi's corps. His general staff was thus composed: Major Carrano, chief of the staff; Captain Cenni, assistant chief, and Captain Carli and Lieutenants Montanari and Bovi, names familiar to-day to every reader of the *Times*.

So soon as hostilities commenced, Garibaldi left Turin with 3,700 men, and arrived the same evening (May 20) at Gattinara. His troops, though many of them had never fired a shot in anger, were full of enthusiasm, which was increased by the cordial reception offered them at every town they entered. On the 23rd, Garibaldi reached Castelletto on the Lago Maggiore. It had been Garibaldi's utmost ambition to be the first to enter Lombardy and raise the flag of independence, but, at the moment of fruition, a terrible dread assailed him. His Volunteers were emigrants, and Austria punished that crime with death. Supposing they were surprised by the Tyrolese rifles, and cut up, how could he accept such a responsibility? Fortunately, his inventive genius soon removed these scruples: one of those stratagems which had so often deceived the enemy in the immortal retreat from Rome would serve the purpose here.

Garibaldi had the report spread that he was proceeding to Arona; he even wrote orders to that town to have provisions and bullets prepared, and the churches converted into stables. So soon as his messengers had started, the bugle sounded, and, an hour later, his soldiers, each armed with two muskets, marched on the Ticinio. The river was passed in safety at Sesto Calende, and the troops proceeded, by forced marches, on Varese (May 23). The Austrians no sooner heard of the way in which they had been tricked, than they attempted to punish Garibaldi for his audacity. Hoping to surprise him in their turn, they assembled at



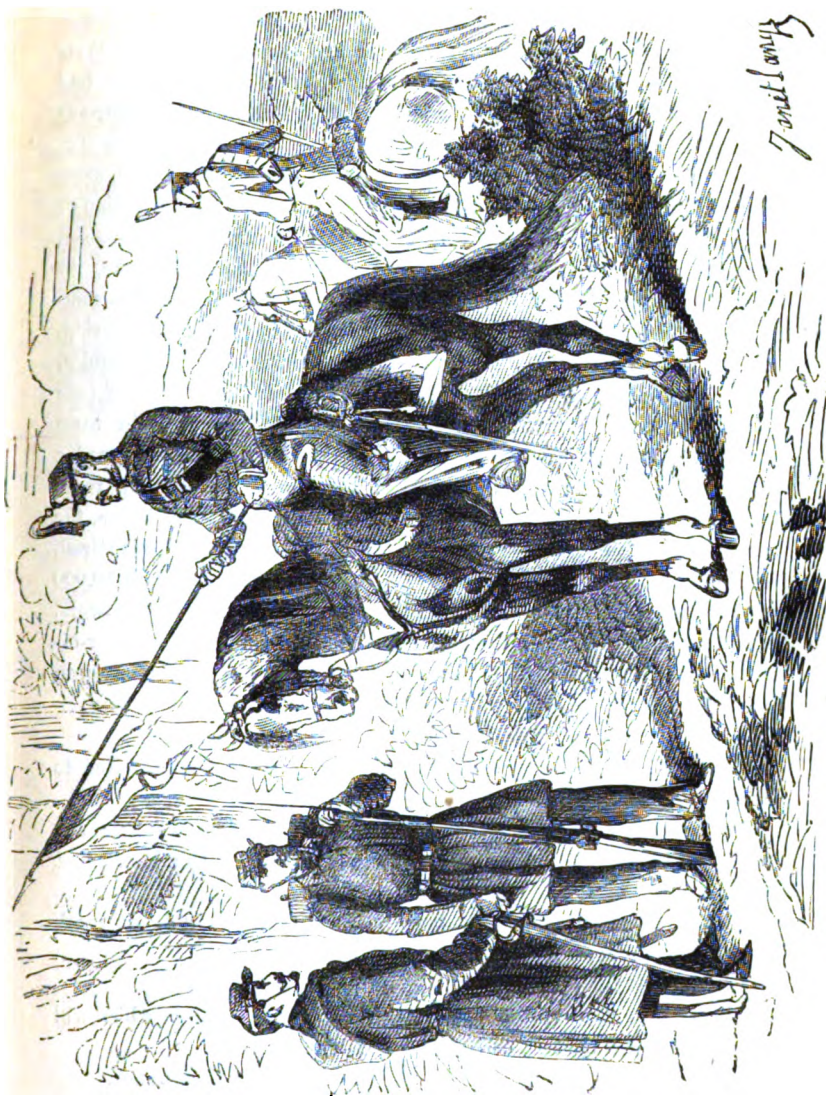
MARSH STATION AT TURIN.

Gallarate, and cut the line from the Ticino to Varese, so as to render the retreat of the column an impossibility. But the column had no idea of retiring, and the poor Austrians were utterly undeceived. Garibaldi threw up barricades in the streets of Varese, and left 200 of his men to defend them; at the same time he went off with the rest of his column into the mountains, being careful to hide his direction. The Austrians opened fire on the town, and the 200 Volunteers, aided by the townspeople, offered an heroic resistance. In the height of the conflict Garibaldi came up: to attack the enemy on the flank, break and rout them was the affair of a moment. So great was the disorder of the flight, that they were unable to re-form ere they reached Camerata.

The declaration of war with Austria had been greeted with transports of enthusiasm, and a small body of French established at Como had held a festival on hearing the news. The police were on the alert, and the members of the French Committee were nearly a fortnight ere they were able to meet; they knew but little of what was going on, but at last the name of Garibaldi, pronounced by the Austrian officers in a low voice, placed them on the right scent. The partizan chief was an object of the gravest alarm to the Tedeschi. To the soldiers, his mere name caused an invincible horror; he was declared to be invulnerable, and some went so far as to assert that bullets flattened on his forehead. These wonders, attributed to the hero of independence, caused one day such a panic among a reconnoitring party of Austrians, that the soldiers returned home panting, many of them having thrown away their arms in flying from a phantom, for no danger menaced them. This incident caused considerable excitement at Como, and the friend of Italy profited by it to make a slight manifestation. Bills were put up on the walls summoning the people of Lombardy to arms, and promising that Garibaldi would soon arrive to support them. The police tore down the placards, and made domiciliary visits during these days; but the agitation increased, the bishop quitted the town, and a great number of inhabitants emigrated.

We have seen that the Austrians, beaten at Varese, and flying in disorder before the Italian Volunteers, had managed to re-form at Camerata. It was an excellent position whence to defend Como, if Field-Marshal Urban had been able to take advantage of it, but he was not equal.

Before day, on the 10th of May, the inhabitants of Como were aroused by a terrific disturbance, and soldiers hurried through the streets calling each other; the bugles sounded, drums beat the *recal*, artillery rolled over the pavement, horses passed at full gallop. Ere long, however, the



Chasseurs of the Alps.

silence of death brooded over the city, and sentries with loaded muskets were seen at the ends of all the streets. The inhabitants were forbidden to open door or window, or leave their houses, under penalty of death. Why the disturbance so short a time back, and the silence now? Why these horrible threats? Vague rumours told them that an action had been fought with Garibaldi on the previous day, in which the Austrians were beaten, and they were now going to try to take their revenge. Toward evening an aide-de-camp entered the town at full gallop, and, after calling at the post, mounted a fresh horse and started in the direction of Camerata. A short time after, a whole brigade, with cavalry and caissons, marched through the streets of Como, and proceeded towards Varese. At dawn of May 27, a frightful cannonade was heard from the heights commanding Como, and the sound of the artillery, though gradually retiring, was heard till nightfall. About ten o'clock, more than forty mules, laden with wounded, arrived at a sharp trot, in spite of the cries of pain such a pace drew from the sufferers. They passed through the town without stopping: it was evident that the Austrians had experienced a fresh defeat, and that the Chasseurs of the Alps were pressing them closely. In fact, after an obstinate retreat, which lasted eight hours, the enemy were completely defeated. So soon as the Austrians had retired, the hidden arms were produced as if by magic, and more than 10,000 peasants hurried to meet Garibaldi, and crowned his guns with flowers. So soon as he established his head quarters at Como, the Commander-in-Chief of the Chasseurs of the Alps issued the following proclamation to the inhabitants.

"CITIZENS! All young men who can carry a musket are invited to assemble under the tricolor banner.

"No one of you would wish to look on idly at the holy war: no one would wish to be compelled to confess some future day with a blush, that he took no part in it.

"This is the hour and the moment to show that you did not speak falsely when you avowed your hatred of Austria.

"To arms, then!

"No sacrifice appears too great, as we are the generation which will have accomplished the task of Italian liberation!"

"GARIBALDI."

During the war, "our own correspondents" of the French press displayed a lively interest in our hero. Many made it a point to have a personal



The Austrian Aide-de-Camp.

interview with him, and their descriptions deserve insertion here, as furnishing a fair idea of Garibaldi. The first in date is M. Amedée Achard, attached to the *Debats*, a paper which had but little sympathy with the political opinions of the victor of Como. On May 12th, he wrote as follows:—

“There are this moment in Piedmont 35,000 volunteers, who have come from all parts of Italy. Of these nearly 20,000 are enrolled, trained, and armed, the famous Garibaldi commanding 4,000.”

On the 18th, he writes again:—

“The enthusiasm of the population is most striking, and the members of the first families have set out for the war. Count Cavour's nephew has enlisted in an infantry regiment, and the three sons of Duke Visconti are serving in the same corps. The Duke of San Donato is a major at Acqui, where is also the celebrated poet Montanelli. I could quote a hundred of the most renowned names, for the flower of the Italian nobility is in the camp. Piedmont has furnished an example to the Peninsula. A few days ago a well known French general happened to meet a battalion of Volunteers, and noticed a good looking young fellow, who presented arms to him; his face showed at once that he was no veteran.

“You are a Volunteer?” the general said to him.

“Yes, a Volunteer and Tuscan.”

“What do you receive?”

“A musket and five sous.”

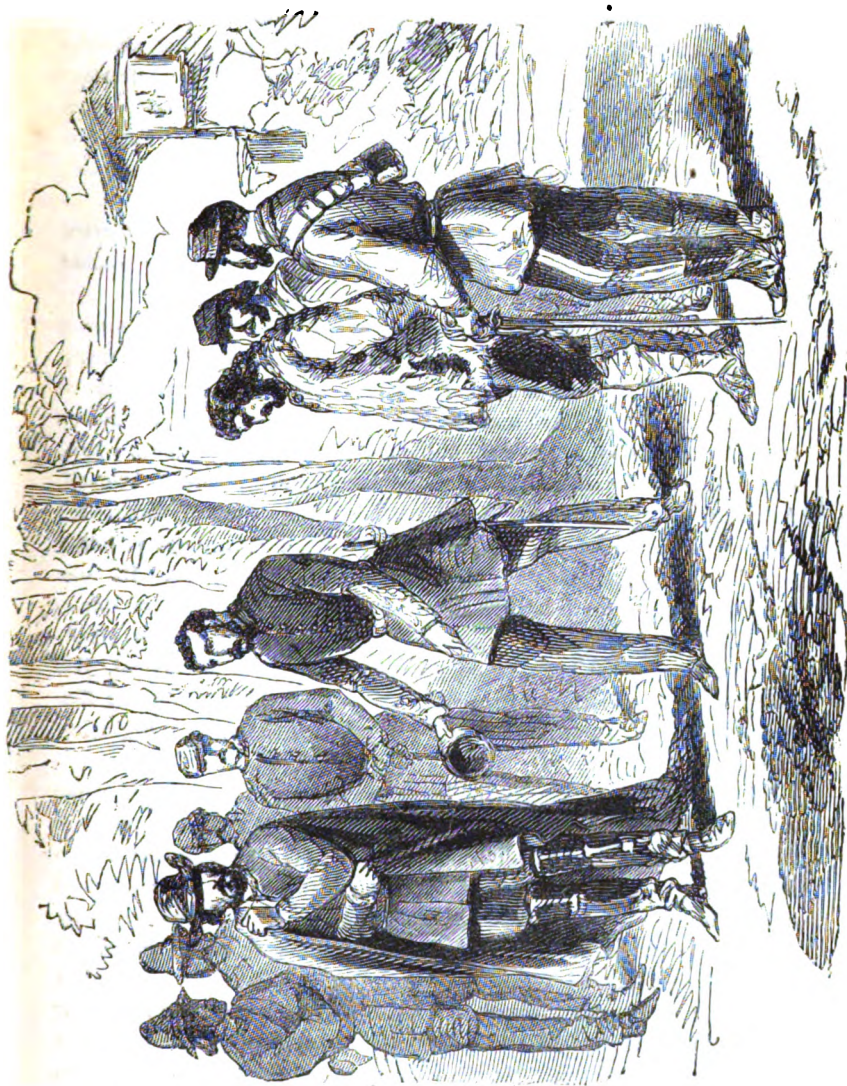
The general smiled. “That must appear trifling to a man who, I fancy, must be better acquainted with villas than barracks.”

“Oh!” the other replied, “I have five sous from the government, and then 133 francs a day of my own.”

When a movement assembles shoulder to shoulder the man of fortune and the peasant, it must be called national.

A little later M. Achard writes again:—

“I have mentioned Garibaldi's name, and yesterday I announced his departure for Arona. Allow me to return to this extraordinary man, who has contrived to preserve his individuality at a period when so few faces are prominent. The terror Garibaldi inspires among the Austrian conscripts is quite superstitious. It is the same effect as bogey produces in children. Thus, so long as he remained at Caviglia, the enemy did not press their reconnoissances any great distance, for there was a risk of meeting him. Friend and foe all proclaim his bravery. It may be equaled but can never be surpassed. His soldiers know that he is ever first under fire, and all follow him with blind confidence. Every one is anxious to serve



Garibaldi and the Thief.

under him, but Garibaldi picks his men. So great is the prestige of his ardor that at Brescia, 4,000 young men are enrolled to march to meet him and join him as soon as he makes his appearance. What is true of Brescia, is equally true of other towns. Possessed himself of absolute integrity and perfect loyalty, Garibaldi does not allow of any infraction of the discipline he has established among his men. His severity is excessive; thus while at Savigliano, organising his *Corps d'armée*, there was the greatest difficulty in preventing him shooting a Romagnese Volunteer who had stolen a ring of the value of half-a-crown.

M. Leonce Dupont, who went to Como on purpose to have an interview with Garibaldi, for the sake of making "copy," gives a very lively account of his personal appearance.

"I was introduced in my turn. I experienced some emotion in passing the threshold of a room in which was a man whose adventurous intrepidity had gained such a brilliant renown. At Paris, he is endowed with legendary proportions, and regarded as a species of Schamyl. Every one dresses him after his own fashion; and of all the costumes I have seen, there are few which have not a relationship to a Calabrian brigand. A felt hat and ferocious countenance imbedded in a mass of dishevelled hair, a blouse, and large waistbelt adorned with a dozen cavalry pistols, a naked sabre in his hand; such is the personage of the legend. He may have appeared in this condition ten years ago, under the walls of Rome, but times have changed and Garibaldi with them. The man is small, delicate, and nervous, but his small grey eye flashes like polished steel. His hair is cut quite short, and though he wears his beard, it is exactly like hundreds we may see every day in Paris, were it not that it is beginning to turn slightly grey.

"I know not if he is cruel, but he has a very kind voice. He is so far civilized, that he wears eye-glasses, owing to his short sight. He appears to be about forty, but in reality is fifty-three. He is dressed like all the Sardinian generals, in a blue tunic, with silver lace on the collar and cuffs. When I entered, he made me sit down by his side, and began by offering me his hand. Then, he addressed some very polite remarks to me in the best French I have heard since crossing the Alps. I thanked him for granting me an interview, when he had so many more important matters to attend to, and also told him of the idea people who had not seen him formed of him. He gave the ghost of a smile, and seemed to care very little what was thought about him.

"If you would like to follow my column," he said, "I will give you the means;" and he drew up a safe-conduct, to which he put his signature, and the seal of his staff. "With that," he added, "you can



Como : Garibaldi's Head-quarters.

march with us day and night, exchange shots with the Austrians, and write to your journal the bulletin of our deeds and your own."

Garibaldi has a son, a soldier in his Guides, and who fights by his side like a lion. This young man is twenty-two years of age.

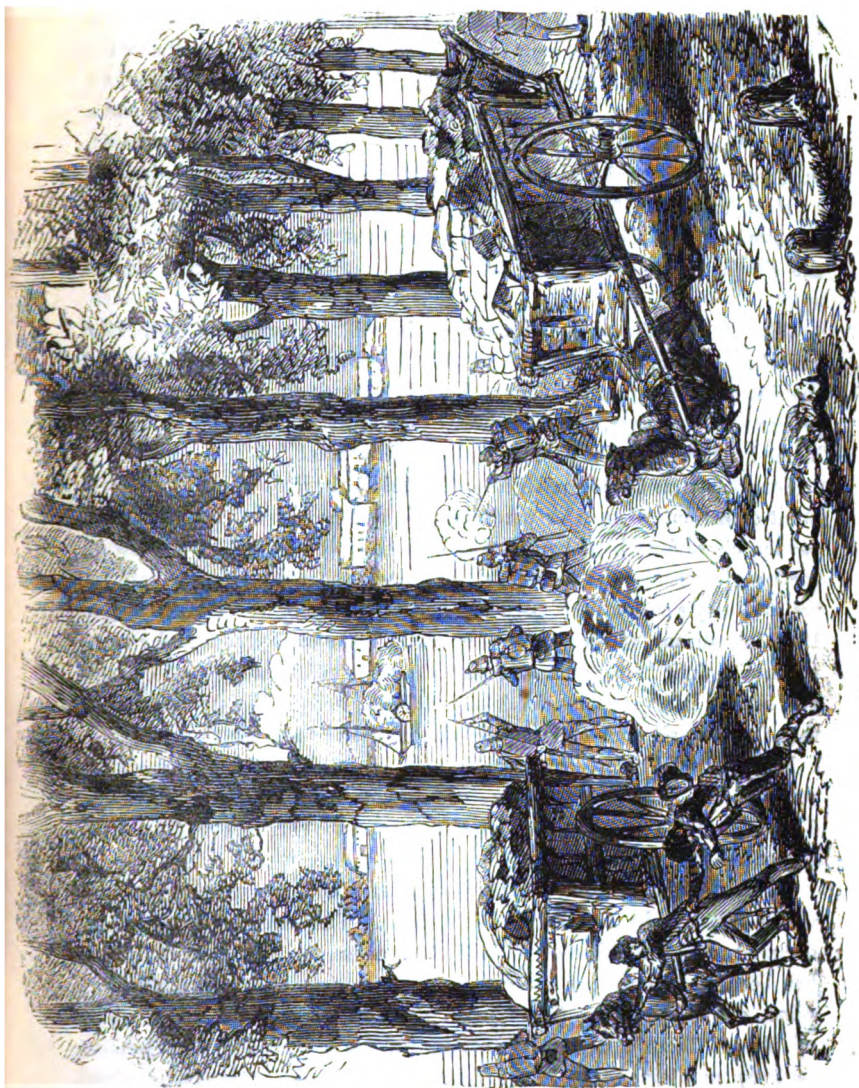
Another writer, himself a soldier, also gives us a characteristic description of Garibaldi, as he saw him at Como. He had seen him before in 1848, dressed in the scarlet tunic, in the fashion of South America, the real partizan leader: in 1859, he found him in a tight general's uniform, and decently shaved. But he was the same man still: only one feeling occupied his mind—love for his country! but one motive guided his arm, the deliverance and grandeur of Italy. He was an enthusiastic admirer of Victor Emanuel, like all who have ever been presented to that monarch. He called him the best Italian in the world.

The gentleman from whom we quote, happened to mention that he had recently visited Varese, and Garibaldi's face turned purple with indignation, as he described the horrors of which that unhappy town had been the scene. On May 30th, at the moment when Garibaldi proceeded with a part of his column to make a fruitless assault on the fortress of Laveo, an Austrian corps about 16,000 strong, commanded by Lieutenant Marshal Urban, detached from Milan, marched on the town the patriots had just quitted. They arrived before Varese on May 31, and the few hundred Volunteers Garibaldi left there hastily fell back. No resistance was offered the Imperialists.

The town may contain about 9,000 souls. The richer classes had emigrated to Switzerland at the outbreak of the war, and only the poorer remained behind. Urban stopped before the gates, and sent the following ultimatum to the municipality.

Varese, as a punishment for the reception granted to the enemies of the Imperial government, will pay a fine of three million livres, on the following conditions: the first million within an hour, the second an hour after the first, the third an hour after that. In case of refusal, the town would be bombarded and sacked by the troops.

On hearing these atrocious terms, all the inhabitants who could, fled at once, and only the sick and wounded in the combat of the 24th were left behind. The Austrian general, during this time, took up a position on the heights, and planted his artillery. When his messenger returned, announcing the impossibility of payment, he became furious, and ordered the firing to commence. The barbarians fired into the town 197 shells, which levelled several houses, fired others, and killed the wounded in their beds. Then, as the work of destruction appeared to him sufficient, Urban let his troops loose on Varese to plunder as they pleased.



The Action with the Radetzky.

The pillage lasted the entire night : the wretched inhabitants had no time to remove anything, and the shops and private houses were full of merchandize and valuable objects. The Austrians carried off or destroyed everything. They broke up the furniture in the rooms ; they threw the provisions into the streets, and set the barrels of wine running. It was a mad and cruel orgie ; and when they retired at daybreak, Varese was a ruin. In the midst of these horrors, and as a species of variation, the Imperial Marshal had two poor peasants, who had been surprised by a patrol, brought before him, asked them about the movements of the Chasseurs of the Alps, and being unable to obtain any explanation, from the simple reason that they knew nothing, ordered them to be shot as spies.

When Garibaldi had ended his story, he said, stamping his foot, "the wretched scoundrels! everywhere they behaved, not like soldiers, but real bandits. Do you know what I would do with officers who gave such orders were I master, and had them in my power? I would have them hanged, for they do not deserve an honorable bullet."

For some time Como remained as Garibaldi's head quarters, the central point of action, whence he performed his daring sorties, and dealt those sudden blows for which he seems to have the sole receipt. He threw up earthworks around the town, and behind them would have been able to resist Giulay's entire force. His attack on St. Fermo, where he dislodged 12,000 Austrians, was a marvel of boldness. The enemy occupied a steep mountain, their heavy guns sweeping the only path leading up to it, and yet, after a short contest, the Austrians broke and fled in such confusion that they left all their baggage and ammunition behind them.

M. Edmond Texier, correspondent of the *Siècle*, the paper most devoted to the Italian cause, also supplies us with ample details about Garibaldi, from which we will make extracts. Writing on May 20th, he says :—

"I know not whether you have read in any foreign papers the strange myths inspired by Garibaldi's Volunteers. This small body has been declared to be the refuse of all individuals more or less compromised : it has been represented as composed of mercenaries, despising all discipline, and only caring for plunder. There is not a word of truth in all this. There is not a regiment in Europe where discipline is more severely maintained than in the Volunteer companies. Garibaldi selects his men, and when not personally acquainted with those who offer their services, he only accepts them when they give him good references. This body of Volunteers is, besides, composed of young men belonging

to the best families of Naples, Bologna, Modena, Parma ; and, before all, of Milan."

We have already seen that at the first indication of the war with Austria, the English nation pronounced energetically in favour of Italy ; but the Viennese Cabinet possessed friends at the Court of St. James's, and it might be considered a triumph for the popular cause that the British Government refrained from interfering. So soon as the war began, a public meeting was held, at which Kossuth spoke amid the great applause of his hearers. He declared that "if England kept aloof, the war would be limited to the Italian Peninsula ; but if she interfered, it would become European." England did keep aloof, but only during the war. So soon as peace was signed, all her efforts were employed to cause the wishes of Italy to be respected, and prevent Austria, or any power, from making any attack on her independence.

Garibaldi, the implacable foe of the Austrians, was more and more honoured and exalted. So soon as the news reached head-quarters that the Austrians had been routed on May 27, and that Garibaldi had entered, the king sent off by telegraph congratulatory messages to General Garibaldi. The *Kadetsky* steamer ventured to fire on his baggage waggons, but he soon repaid that by capturing all four steamers on the lake of Como. And here we may insert another explanatory paragraph from the columns of the *Siccle*:—

"You are aware that Garibaldi proceeds from conquest to conquest, arousing the peoples in favour of the Italian cause. The Austrian is preparing to send large forces against the illustrious Chief of the Chasseurs of the Alps, but I trust that he will receive support in time ; for, in spite of his own courage and that of his handful of Volunteers, Garibaldi, left to his resources, would eventually succumb beneath the very weight of his victories. It is said that the emperor, highly satisfied with Garibaldi's energy and the discipline of his small army, follows his movements with the greatest interest, and every arrangement has been made to prevent him being crushed by an enemy twenty times his superior in numbers. I form earnest vows for these young Italian Volunteers whom I saw at Turin—so simple, animated with such generous sentiments, and who, for the sake of defending their country, abandoned home, fortune, and mothers, who will weep till their sons return."

The *Daily News*, too, whose opinions are justly appreciated by politicians, saw in the victor of Varese and Como the man of genius, and spoke most highly of his strategic ability, comparing him to Todleben, and the heroes whom the Indian revolt brought into notice among our-

selves. We are of opinion that history will endorse this verdict. The correspondent of the *Sidde* writes again on May 29 :—

“If we may believe reports, an attack will take place shortly along the entire line to second the movement Garibaldi is making on the other side of Lake Como, in the direction of Milan. What a marvel of a man he is! he has the faculty of animating all those who see him, follow him, or enter his presence. His name is in every mouth, engraved on every heart: he is everywhere present. The rich, like the peasants, possess his portrait. Both are glad to have near them the hero of the day, whose bright and piercing eyes seem fixed on one point, and that is the freedom of Italy. Italy is to him his mother, his country: he loves and defends her, and wishes her free. For him danger does not exist: he is the soldier of victory. Death spares him, for he has not yet ended his task.

“I will not tell you of the marches he makes, and the successes he gains, with a handful of men, increased at every town and village, for you know the facts by the bulletins. The whole country is in a state of insurrection: the youths put on uniforms and take up muskets. All classes, without distinction—nobles, peasants, citizens, men, women, children—are prepared for resistance. It is absurd to attempt to explain Garibaldi's actions, or call imprudent his march on the Lombard territory with so few men, for all was foreseen, and his instructions agree with the plans of the allied armies. In Lombardy, Garibaldi is at home.”

These unanimous praises annoyed the Ultramontane party, and they began once more to invent calumnies about Garibaldi of the old stereotyped class. But the time was past for any one to credit them, and the French partizans of liberty responded by getting up the subscription for the Italian Volunteers, which soon reached a considerable amount. A magnificent sabre was presented to Garibaldi, and it was to him a glorious compensation for insults past and present.

The defeats experienced by the Austrians, both against Garibaldi, as well as in the battles with the Franco-Piedmontese army, did not lessen the cruel boasting of their chief. The furious menaces of General Zobel were exceeded by those of Feldzeugmeister Giulay, who, seeing the Italians in arms against the foreigners, tried to keep them in check by terrorism. “The districts,” he said, “which make common cause with the revolution, will be, I pledge my word, destroyed by fire and sword.” But the time had passed when Austria could make herself feared; and to the proclamations of her generals against revolution, Italy responded by revolutionary manifestations.

CHAPTER XI.

Magenta—Garibaldi's Reward—Interview with the King—Austrian Spies—The Volunteers in the Valtelline—The Armistice—A Visit to Garibaldi—Ugo Bassi's Tomb—Excitement in Italy—Annita's Funeral—Garibaldi's Hopes and Fears.

THE Franco-Piedmontese army, in order to reach Lombardy, followed the route Garibaldi had so boldly traced at the commencement of the campaign. The result was the victory of Magenta on June 4, which opened the gates of Milan to the army of liberation. At this period Garibaldi's force consisted of 8,000 men, forming three infantry regiments, with 250 guides, and 200 carbineers. His artillery consisted of fourteen light guns, of which his Volunteers had captured six before they could be spiked by the Austrians. To these regular troops, must be added about 10,000 Volunteers, *gardes mobiles*, partizans, &c. who joined him after he occupied Como. Their motto was "victory or death," and they remained faithful to it. In all the actions, Garibaldi was on horseback, at the head of his men, and in full view of the enemy. It was wonderful how he escaped their bullets.

As Garibaldi is as good a sailor as he is a soldier, he manages, whenever he has a chance, to distinguish himself on both elements. Thus, while a portion of his troops pursued the enemy beyond Monza, he coasted along the Lago Maggiore in several vessels, disarmed the Austrian douaniers, and carried off the treasury. General Urban's corps, in the meanwhile, after a precipitate retreat from Varese, dispersed, and most of the men were taken prisoners. This led to the publication of the following general order:—

"HEAD QUARTERS OF THE SARDINIAN ARMY.

Order of the Day.

"While the allied armies were still on the defensive, General Garibaldi, at the head of the Chasseurs of the Alps, advanced boldly from the banks of the Dora, upon the Austrian right flank, with a movement of extraordinary rapidity: in a few days he arrived at Sesto Calende, whence

having repulsed the enemy, he penetrated into Lombardy, and established himself at Varese. Attacked there by Field-Marshal Urban, with 3,000 infantry, 200 horse, and four guns, he sustained, though himself without guns, an obstinate contest, which resulted in his favour.

"By other secondary engagements, he laid open the road to Como; there he again repulsed the Austrians, and seized the magazines and baggage. Their brave deeds redound to the credit of the young Volunteers, who, organised by their brave chief at a moment when the enemy had already collected numerous battalions on our frontiers, yet fought like old soldiers. They have deserved well of their country. His Majesty, desirous of conveying to them his entire satisfaction, has ordered the names of the brave Chasseurs who have most distinguished themselves to be made known to the whole army, as well as the rewards he grants them by the present order of the day.

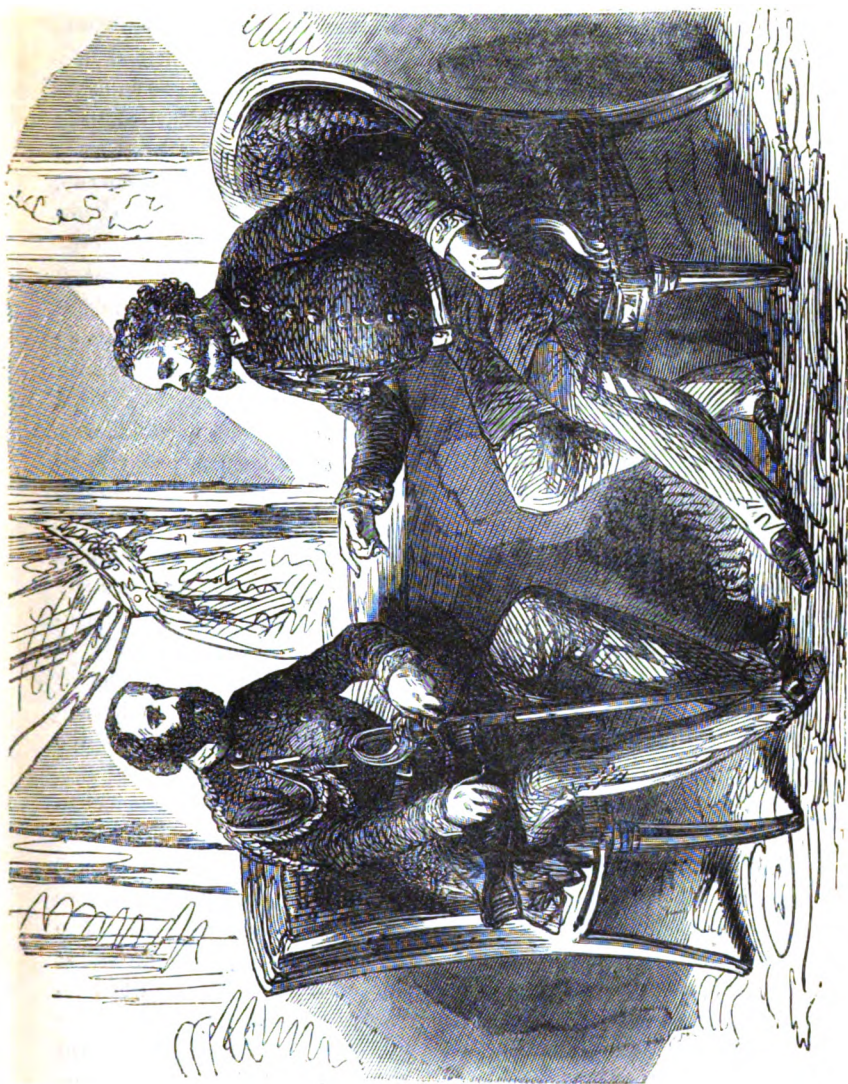
"The medal of gold for military bravery to Guiseppe Garibaldi, General of the Chasseurs of the Alps; the officers' cross of the military order of Savoy to Medici, lieutenant-colonel; cross of a chevalier of the same order to Succchi, major; the silver medal for military bravery to Cenni, Puggi, and Cristoforis, captains; Prebustini, lieutenant; Pedotti and Guerzoni, sub-lieutenants; Vegevano, Chasseur; honourable mention, Cosenz, lieutenant-colonel of the Chasseurs of the Alps, and twenty-two captains, lieutenants, sub-lieutenants, sergeants and privates.

"By Order of His Majesty.

"DELLA ROCCA, *Lieutenant-General of the Staff.*"

A fresh success of Garibaldi's was just announced when a proclamation of the Emperor of the French raised the joy of the Italians to the highest pitch, for they saw themselves on the point of being freed for ever from Austria, and the small princes and vassals. On the morning of June 8, Garibaldi occupied Bergamo, which town the Austrians had quitted during the previous night. On the 9th he arrived, incognito, at Milan, had a secret interview with the king, and started again immediately for his head quarters. No one knew the purport of his visit, and it still remains a secret. Having received information that a corps of 1,500 Austrians was advancing from Brescia, the general of the Volunteers sent a small detachment to meet them, which, though greatly inferior in numbers, dislodged them, and compelled them to retreat.

On June 15, Garibaldi advanced on Lonato, and his officers organised five corps in the Valtelline, to the great terror of the Austrians, who

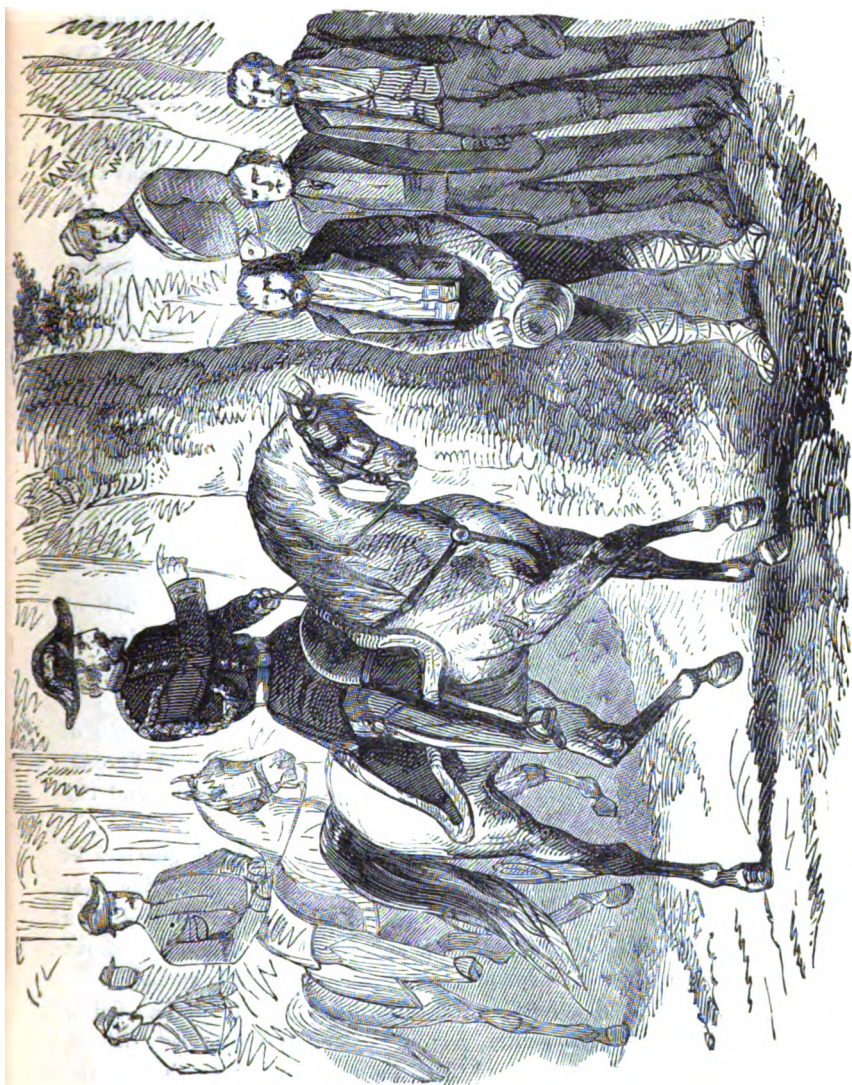


Garibaldi's private interview with the King.

fancied that the Tyrol would be speedily invaded. He then poured down on Brescia, after defeating the Austrians at Castenedolo. Hardly had he occupied that town ere he heard that a heavy Austrian column was advancing to expel him. The general, disregarding his numerical inferiority, started out to meet them, and advanced with only two regiments toward Salò. On the road he met three persons, who evidently desired to be cross-questioned. Garibaldi, unfortunately, inquired of them if they had seen anything of the Austrians along the road they had come, and on their negative reply he sent back one of his regiments, and advanced with the few men left him. But he had hardly mounted the heights before he was attacked by the enemy's cavalry, and the contest became very unequal. Garibaldi sent off in all haste to General Caldini for reinforcements, and while the latter was sending up two regiments he sustained the Austrian's fire with rare bravery. He fought at the head of his men, who were encouraged by their leader's example. For a moment it was thought that the general was lost, for his horse fell with three bullets through his body; but when the reinforcements arrived, all was over. Many were killed on both sides, but Garibaldi held his ground.

The Austrians were growing heartily tired of the stings they received from this swarm of gnats, and appointed General Jochmus, formerly commander of the Sultan's army in Syria, to crush Garibaldi. Unfortunately they never met, or we should probably have had one more leaf to add to our hero's laurel crown. Once more we will quote from M. Edmond Texier, as we are anxious to relate every trait we can descriptive of Garibaldi. He is repeating what was told him by one of the Volunteers:—

"We all adore our chief, though he speaks rarely and is most incommunicative. So soon as we see him we look at his cap; if it is on the back of his head it is a sign that he is satisfied; if, on the contrary, it conceals his face and the peak is over his nose, the situation is grave—we may expect something serious, and we get ready our arms. These two signs never fail in their effect. The other day, on our arrival at Bergamo, the cap was further back than ever. The telegraph had informed us of the arrival by railway of 1500 Austrians, who were coming to Bergamo, unaware of our presence. We ambuscaded round the station; the telegraph announced that the enemy had reached the last station but one; our hearts beat with impatience and joy, minutes succeeded minutes, but nothing came. The Austrians had gone back at full speed when they heard of our presence. Sudden change of the cap's



The Austrian Spies.

position—for nearly two days, we were unable to see even the tip of his nose. This devil of a man exercises such influence that I saw him in an action send citizens under fire, whom he gave the muskets of his wounded soldiers, and they behaved most courageously. Ever between the two lines of sharpshooters, it is a miracle that he has not yet been wounded; the peasants believe him bullet proof. I should never end if I tried to describe all the heroism of Garibaldi's small army, its fabulous marches, its surprises and combats. At Laveno, for instance, the Italians tore muskets from the hands of the Austrians through the embrasures. On opening the campaign Garibaldi much wanted some guns; but, unable to procure them from the War Ministry, he took four from the Austrians. For a long time Garibaldi has given up the use of artillery, he only fights with the bayonet; the cannon remain with the baggage, and he would gladly exchange them for the Minié rifles he is so anxiously expecting. One of Garibaldi's best shots is an Englishman of about fifty years of age, who, armed with an excellent Lancaster rifle and a telescope, appears to chase the Tyrolese. This eccentric person was asked the other day if he had joined the Volunteers to establish Italian independence, or simply for the pleasure of the chase. 'I am very much attached to the independence of Italy,' he coolly replied, 'but I am also fond of shooting.'

The Emperor Napoleon, however, had by this time had enough of war: he had summoned Kossuth from London, to show the Austrians to what lengths he was prepared to go, and Francis Joseph wisely accepted the proffered armistice. When this was being signed, Garibaldi had arrived at Terano with 5,000 men, and was about to seize the Lago di Garda, and cut off the communication between the Tyrol and Verona. Several sharp actions had already taken place round Bormio, and the enemy had been driven back on the Stelvio pass.

During the armistice, Garibaldi remained with his head quarters at Como. The following graphic account of a visit paid him during that period, we borrow from the daily papers, and insert it because it gives a further confirmation of Garibaldi's real appearance and disposition, about which so many shocking calumnies have been so sedulously spread.

"In the course of a tour in Switzerland with an Australian fellow colonist and pastoral squatter, our wives, and a young lady friend, we ascended Mont St. Gothard, with the intention of crossing by the Furka pass to Interlachen. We found it impracticable; and, rather than turn back, determined to go to Como, of which place we heard from the conductor of the diligence that Garibaldi had taken possession, and



The Austrians at Varese.

then by the *Simplon* to Geneva. As an account of Garibaldi and his force, and the state of the country by an eyewitness, may interest your readers, I send a copy of my journal for the three days during which we were in or near the seat of war.

"After two days' journey down the Ticino we reached Lugano at dark, in a perfect torrent of rain, which had poured the whole afternoon, and drove to the Hotel du Parc, wet and uncomfortable. Our lively visions of a warm supper and comfortable bed were at once dispelled by the disagreeable announcement that the house was full and not a bed to be had; 200 people from the seat of war, principally Lombardese nobility, had there found harbour; even the servants' rooms were occupied. At the Hotels du Lac and Corona the answer was the same, and there we were, wet and miserable in the street, with a small crowd round the carriage. After vain inquiries for inferior accommodation my friend returned to the Hotel du Parc, and appealed to the tender feelings of the landlord, who very kindly turned into bed-rooms two saloons used by the staff of the Swiss Commander-in-chief, a kindness for which we felt most grateful to him and them.

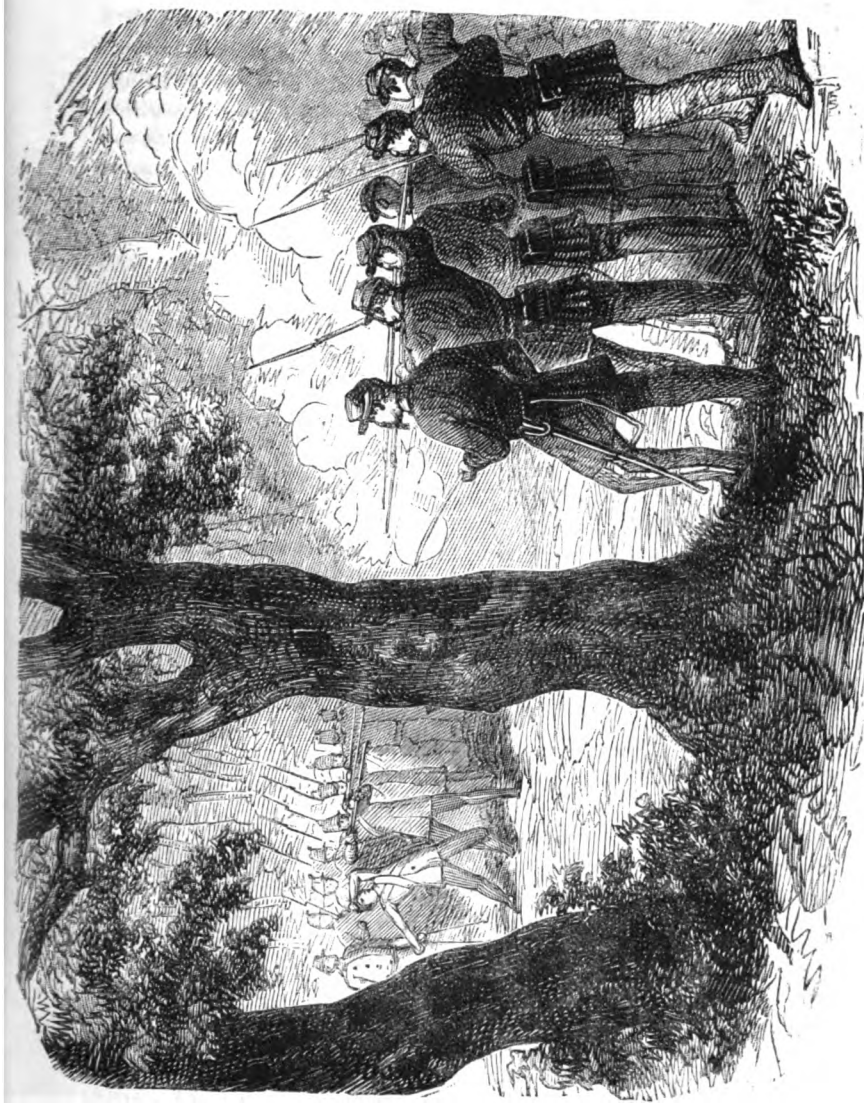
"On inquiry we were at once told most decidedly that we could not reach Como; that, even if we could, it would be most dangerous to go among such a set of brigands; that one gentleman and two ladies had been prisoners two days and nights with sentries over them—all English, there and then in the hotel; that the Austrians were in great force within twenty miles of Como, with a railway to the outposts, and that firing of heavy guns had been heard that day. Our guide, Joseph Fétier, on making inquiry of his friends among the Swiss soldiers, received the same information. Only one—an elderly French gentleman—gave us any comfort, and he said that the English might go anywhere, but then so might madmen. One thing was plain enough, that in Lugano they knew less about the war than we did, and we determined to see for ourselves.

"Between Lugano and Chasso, the frontier town, the country is strongly occupied by Swiss troops, who keep watch and ward as if in face of an enemy; patrols and sentries everywhere; a church at Melide is turned into a barrack for the guard. The population in the midst of it all quietly pursue their usual occupations, and I observed that when a trooper, whom we met in full trot from the frontier, passed some girls gathering mulberry leaves from the trees on the roadside, they did not even turn their heads. Ten miles from the frontier we were told that the Austrians had driven out Garibaldi with great loss, and our driver was kindly informed, while we stopped to purchase cherries, that his horses would be seized by either

side. We ourselves felt quite safe. Fétier and the *voiturier* seemed to be of the same opinion, and at once assented to our order to go on till we were stopped. Were the Austrians in occupation we could only be turned back; whereas, if Garibaldi still held his ground, it was not likely that, even if such ruffians as reported, his men would practice brigandage in the two miles between Chasso and his head-quarters, and upon English too. We bowled along the broad smooth road, worthy of England, through Chasso, and over the bridge, when we were at once pulled up. It was a lovely morning after the rain, and numbers of ladies and gentlemen, principally refugees from the seat of war, we understood, were sauntering about. On the left was a guardhouse, with an unusual number of very bright muskets; on the right, a short distance along the road, were three Austrian Douaniers, in all the dignity of sword and uniform, who looked quietly on, while two out of a number of men in plain clothes, standing about the guardhouse, came forward and asked for our passports. It was Garibaldi's outpost. The first was a tall good-looking man of thirty, dressed in a brown shooting coat, with black grey trousers and waistcoat, and felt hat, all having had hard usage, but still tidy; the second an intelligent-looking man of fifty, with a red nose, and the appearance of a well-to-do shoemaker, with a small shop and a large family; he just looked the man emphatically to have laid down the law for twenty years to his neighbours upon the unity of Italy and tyranny of Austria, and then turned out to support words by deeds. Fétier produced his license as guide, and explained who and what we were, and we handed a letter from the landlord of the hotel, stating that we were to return to Lugano that night. He said that he would give us a receipt for our passports and give them up on our return. He gave us the receipt with a polite bow, and we went on our way rejoicing. We found the people as quietly at work as on the Swiss side, and numbers going and returning to Como, from whom we learned that on taking possession Garibaldi had at once organized the administration of the district.

"We drove through quiet streets crowded with armed men to the Albergo del Angelo, and were received and shown rooms just as we should have been a year ago, only there was a guard in the gateway, and we passed a room full of officers writing, for the general had here taken up his head-quarters. We did not consider that it would be a serious breach of the neutrality of the nation, if we paid our respects to the Garibaldi who defended Rome, and who, amid all the blunders and disasters of 1848, showed that only time and opportunity were wanting to develop in the Italians a single-minded heroism and constancy worthy of ancient Rome.

After lunch we sent in our cards, and a message came from the aide-de-camp, saying that the general was asleep, but that as soon as he awoke he would present them, and had no doubt he would be happy to receive us. After an hour's saunter among the volunteers, we were informed that the general would be happy to wait upon the ladies, and in a short time he was shown in. He proved as different from what we expected, as was the state of the town from that reported. From his portraits and warlike exploits, I had pictured to myself a very tall large man, of sallow complexion, with long black hair and beard, with something of the romantic air of those Spanish guerilla chiefs, who sung their own songs to the guitar, or killed people with equal gusto. Just the reverse. I could scarcely believe that the quiet, unaffected, gentlemanly man who entered and sat down with us, was Garibaldi. He is of middle height, not more than five feet seven or eight inches, I should think; a square-shouldered, deep-chested, powerful man, without being at all heavy. He has a healthy English complexion, with brown hair and beard, rather light, both slightly touched with gray, and cut very short. His head shows a very fine development, mental as well as moral, and his face is good, though not remarkable to a casual observer—nothing to show the man who could form and carry out such plans as the retreat from Rome or the capture of Como; but when he spoke of the oppression and sufferings of his country, the lip and eye told the deep feeling long suppressed, and the stedfast daring character of the man. A child would stop him in the street to ask him what o'clock it was, but the man condemned to be shot in half-an-hour, would never, after a look of that calm, determined face, waste time in asking mercy upon earth. During our long interview, he spoke much of passing events (excepting his own share), but without southern gesticulation. He has the calm manner and appearance of the English gentleman and officer; it was only when he spoke of the generous sympathy of the people of England with the sufferings of Italy, that his Saxon-like calmness gave away; then, as he assured us again and again, how thoroughly it was appreciated by Italians of every class, and how grateful they were for it, he showed that the warm blood of Italy burned in his veins. My impression had been, that his operations were more the result of rash impulse than military calculation; but it was palpable that, strong as may be his impulses, they are thoroughly under control. Bold, and enterprising even to apparent rashness he is no doubt, but he is also cool and calculating; and, as I watched him on the opposite side of the table, telling the ladies of his voyages to China and the Antipodes, as pleasantly and calmly as if in a London



The Patrols Firing in Mistake.

drawing-room, while at any moment he might be interrupted by the fire of an overpowering Austrian force, brought by railway to his outpost, I felt no doubt that in case of the very worst he had arranged exactly what to do, and would do it. But what impressed me most, was the mental calibre of the man. I met him with the idea that he was little more than a dashing popular military leader. I parted from him with the conviction that his warlike career is a mere episode in his history, and that his true greatness will be seen in the political regeneration and government of his country.

"As soon as he left us, General Garibaldi mounted and rode off with two aides-de-camp and two Sardinian light cavalry, of whom he has 200, amid loud *vivas* from his men, who seemed to regard him with the greatest respect and devotion. The townspeople I observed to be extremely cautious. Our first inquiries regarded the expulsion of the Austrians, which had occurred just the day-week previous, and appeared unaccountable.

"After leaving Chasso, the road goes nearly south, through a well-cultivated, slightly undulating country, with a line of hills on either side. The country rises gradually until you come close to Como, when the broad valley contracts to about the width of 1000 yards, with a steep hill on the right, and a high ground on the left. There is then a sheer descent to the Lake of Como, down which the road zig-zags till it reaches the bottom of the hill on the left, where it passes a church and enters a street of well-built stone houses, which runs to the right between the hill and the lake, and turns south until it reaches the main part of Como on the south side of a small bay, and facing the descent from Chasso. Unless Marshal Urban was surprised, or distrusted his men, his natural course with a disciplined and superior force would have been to fight in the open country at the top of the descent where, from the high ground on either side, he could have swept down Garibaldi's force by a flank fire from his artillery. Instead of that, the Austrians awaited the attack in the church and line of houses at the foot of the hill, where the cavalry was useless, the artillery little better, and his superiority of force and discipline unavailable; while the irregulars had just what suited their impetuous courage and individual action, a desperate hand-to-hand struggle. They poured over the hills like an avalanche, totally regardless of the heavy fire, and at once came to close quarters. Within two hours of Marshal Urban's leaving the hotel to meet Garibaldi, he repassed it in full retreat. A respectable inhabitant told me that the Austrians seem to have no spirit for the cause, and that it was Garibaldi's name which was a terror

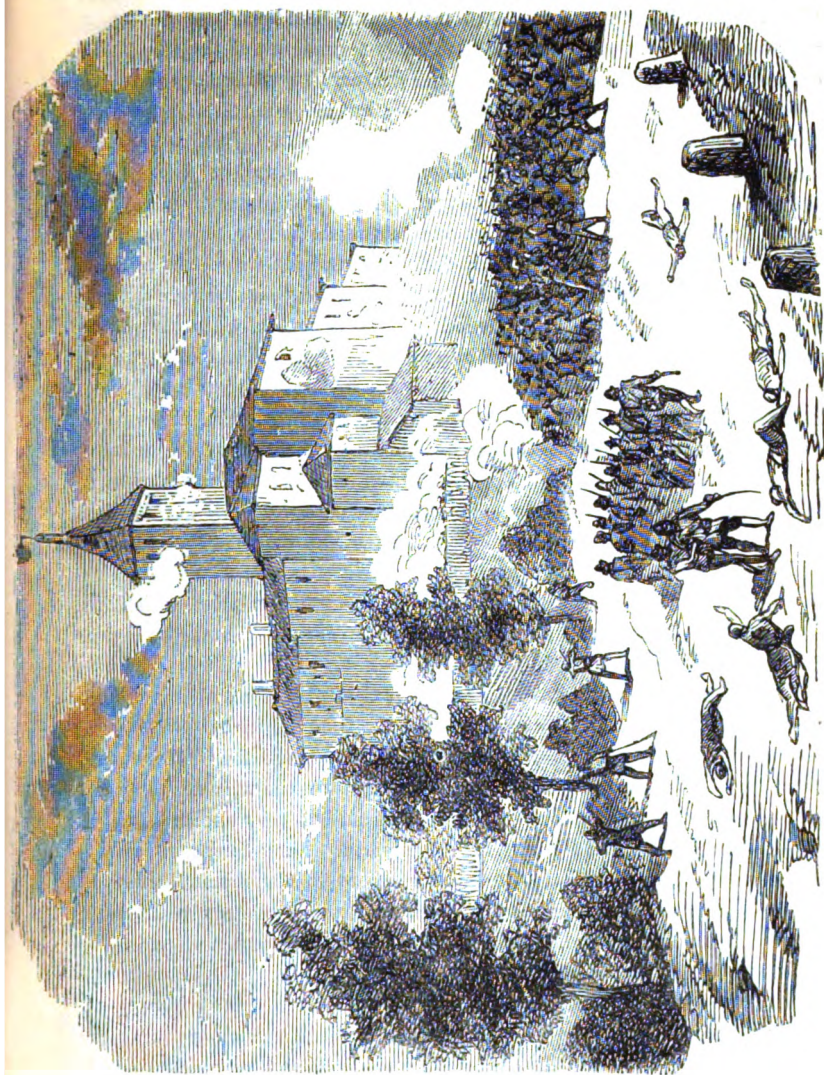
to them more than his force that they fled before. We were informed that the Volunteers had sixty-six killed, with a very small proportion of wounded. Two Austrian officers were killed in the church, besides others killed, wounded, and prisoners. As so much had been said of the brigandage and ruffianism of Garibaldi's men, I examined them carefully. I have had considerable practice in the discrimination of bad faces, and have occasionally surprised a gaol chaplain by picking out the habitual from the casual criminals, but among the hundreds I saw I did not find one; wild young scamps, whom their fathers lectured, and their mothers cried over, there might be; and many, no doubt, who had sauntered away life talking of Italian independence, who, if Englishmen, most probably, or if Scotchmen, most certainly, would have worked hard abroad if not at home for personal independence till the time came to fight for that of their country; but that the force, or any appreciable proportion of it, is made up of bad characters, I have no hesitation in denying. There is a large number of gentlemen—a large proportion appeared to be sons of, or themselves small proprietors, farmers, and tradesmen; the remainder operatives and working men from town and country; all men who had worked honestly for their living, or did not require to do so, decently and comfortably dressed, and all wonderfully tidy after sleeping so long in their clothes. I did not see a ragged fellow among them. Their behaviour was everywhere the same, quiet and orderly. Some I saw in the handsome cathedral, admiring it, like ourselves. One or two joined the service in a side chapel. The *cafés* were well frequented, too, but in very many cases only to write letters, at which they were very grave. Others patriotically did the amiable to the fair Comians, but I saw not one drinking, all were sober and ready to fall in at a moment's notice. They were good customers, but the patriotism of the shopkeepers did not vent itself in low prices. One young fellow I saw trying to purchase one of the small leathern bags travellers sling over the shoulder, but his francs were few and the seller obdurate, and he had to leave it.

"I was much interested in two young gentlemen, apparently brothers, who were going from shop to shop fitting out the elder, who looked nineteen or twenty. The younger had the seasoned look which a few weeks give the campaigner, if sleeping on wet ground 'under the canopy' does not kill or send him to the hospital at once; the elder had that bloom of youth which seldom survives hard contact with the world, never if with personal hardship. The recruit was glowing with hopeful excitement; war had still its poetry for him, while the young veteran, though spirited, was quiet and business-like,—war was a stern reality. He looked care-

fully to the texture of the great coat, their only uniform, which the other put on as if it had been a robe for a triumph. It is a true saying, 'Give a dog a bad name and hang him.' The Austrians have so industriously called Garibaldi and his men brigands, that, for consistency sake, they will hang and shoot them like dogs if taken prisoners. The perfect confidence of the people, and the absence of any report of the smallest outrage, confirm the opinions I formed from their appearance and behaviour, that instead of being guerillas, like some of the Spanish bands—as much robbers as soldiers—they are respectable citizens fighting for their country, carrying into war the same respect for life and property which they showed in peace. Even the Lombards in the ranks are quite as much entitled to the fair usages of war as the Americans at Bunker's Hill, and if the Austrians fight as bravely as they did fifty years ago, and after being beaten thoroughly again and again, again and again renew the fight, I hope the opinion of Europe will be brought to bear against such vengeful barbarity as they exercised on regaining Lombardy in 1849. There is no sign beyond a small tricolour cockade of the majority being soldiers; those with means wear over their clothes a grey coat and a forage cap of the same, trimmed with black. The great majority are bearded men, between twenty-two and thirty-five; a good many youths, but generally of the humbler class, and stout healthy lads; a few elderly men, but all hale-looking old fellows, and apparently well to do in the world. They seemed in excellent heart, but no sign of bravado, or any demonstration, except on the appearance of their general. Late in the afternoon we left for Lugano, where great surprise was expressed upon hearing how comfortably everything progressed at Como.

"We could get no conveyance to Luino on Lake Maggiore, it being in possession of the Austrians, so we had to go round by Magodino, at the head of the lakes in the Swiss territory, and where four Sardinian steamers are moored with a Swiss guard on board of each. We engaged a boat to take us to Canobio, in the Sardinian territory, and embarked at once, pulling along the Swiss side, where there were strong guards and a sentinel every 150 yards. Canobio is a very small town, squeezed into a small triangle of available ground on the west bank of the lake, overhung by two high steep mountains, and so unapproachable that there is not a horse or a mule in the place. Their only means of communication are by boats, and I could not see what they could have to communicate by them. There seems to be no cultivation and no manufactures—nothing; and how the people live is a mystery.

"As we drew near there was not a soul to be seen, but before we



The Attack on San Fermo.

touched, the broad quay between the houses and lake was crowded. We were received by two Douaniers, and marched off, the observed of all observers, to the custom-house. The head authority was a very gentlemanly, polite man, but evidently regarded it as the first duty of man to have his passport *en règle*, and demurred considerably to mine, which had not been *visé* in Switzerland; but after examining Fetier's licence as a guide, and learning how we had come suddenly from Switzerland, and were returning by the *Simplon* he gave us the *visé*. We were conducted up one of the narrow rough lanes of high houses, called streets in Italy, to the hotel, and on our way passed long rows of muskets (many of them flints of primitive fashion,) ranged below the arched piazzas of the houses fronting the lake. After a very comfortable dinner I walked down to the wharf, entered into conversation with one of the patrol, and learned, as I did from others, that the Austrian steamers had on that day week, the 28th of May, demanded contribution, which being refused, they at once commenced cannonading the town. Out of twenty-five shots not one hit the town, only cutting trees above it on the hill behind. The townspeople had returned the fire by musketry and from five 12 and 24-pounders, a shot from one of which hit the Ticino, killing an officer and two men. They expected another attack, and were prepared for it, as I could see. He advised us, as some of the patrols constantly passing might arrest us, to go to our hotel, which we did after listening to some patriotic songs enthusiastically sung by jovial citizen soldiers in a neighbouring winehouse.

"I was awake at the first streak of day by the sound of many voices and of feet in the street, and jumped up with the thought that the Austrian steamers were before the town again. On looking out I found the whole population astir, the men all armed, marching down the wharf. It was a most praiseworthy demonstration of patriotism, but very uncomfortable, for the rain poured steadily and the morning mist hung dank and cold in the narrow lanes. As I watched the respectable Canobians trudging past I could not help contrasting their experience of war with ours in 'our tight little island.' We pay so much money and are done with it, but who can tell the individual suffering and anxiety, the loss of property and waste of time by a community who have even a chance of being within the seat of war? I soon saw, by the leisurely way in which they walked, that it was only a daily precaution, and returned to bed with a resolution to get beyond gunshot with all dispatch.

"We embarked after breakfast for Pallanza, expecting to catch the *Simplon* diligence, but we were too late. The boatmen said that so

many boats had been seized by the Austrians, either with their steamers, or compelled by the batteries to come in shore, that they would not cross from headland to headland. During the whole distance (four hours) we met only two boats, creeping along shore like ourselves — a poor substitute for the half-dozen steamers plying before the war. Every town on the Sardinian side was fortified towards the sea with strong barricades and sand-bag batteries, and it must, indeed, have been a relief when the steamers and garrison of Luino surrendered to the Swiss. We reached Pallanza at last, and were all glad when the small cape closed us in from the Austrian guns, and Fetier, in his best English, congratulated the ladies on their safe arrival, and declared that his neighbours in general, and his wife in particular, would look upon him as the *tallest* man in Amsteg, from which a letter will bring him to Lucerne to any traveller who wishes a good honest guide."

So soon as the preliminaries of the peace were decided on, Garibaldi handed in his resignation, which Victor Emanuel would not accept. He, therefore, decided on carrying on the war in his own manner, and advised the Italians to arm and form an army capable of laying down its own conditions. The Chasseurs of the Alps were raised to a strength of 12,000, their head quarters being at Como and Brescia. On July 19, Garibaldi issued the following general order in confirmation of his views:—

"Whatever may be the progress of political events under existing circumstances, the Italians must neither lay down their arms, nor feel discouraged with the contrary. They must hurry into the ranks, and testify to Europe that, led by the valiant Victor Emanuel, they are ready henceforward to meet the vicissitudes of war, of whatever nature they may be.

"GARIBALDI, *General*."

But the general's impatience was once more aroused by the rumours which transpired of the first conference held at Zurich; the turn they took rendering his presence useless with the army. Garibaldi asked for unlimited leave, but was again refused. Still, in the present aspect of affairs, such a man became an embarrassment. Garibaldi continued to desire the liberation of Italy, and Victor Emanuel was no longer free to second him. The Sardinian government, however, wished to retain his services; and it was proposed to give him the command of the Tuscan army, which Ulloa had resigned. Various combinations, mysterious for the present, however, were made, and Garibaldi was granted leave.

What he thought of the intrigues will be best seen from his general orders.

"MY COMRADES IN ARMS!—I am obliged to retire at present from the service, and General Pomaretti has been selected by His Majesty to command the brigade. I trust, while brave in action, you will be disciplined, and strive to acquire under arms the skill which will allow you to take your proper rank when opposed to the enemies of our country.—

Bergamo, Aug. 11, 1859.

"GARIBALDI."

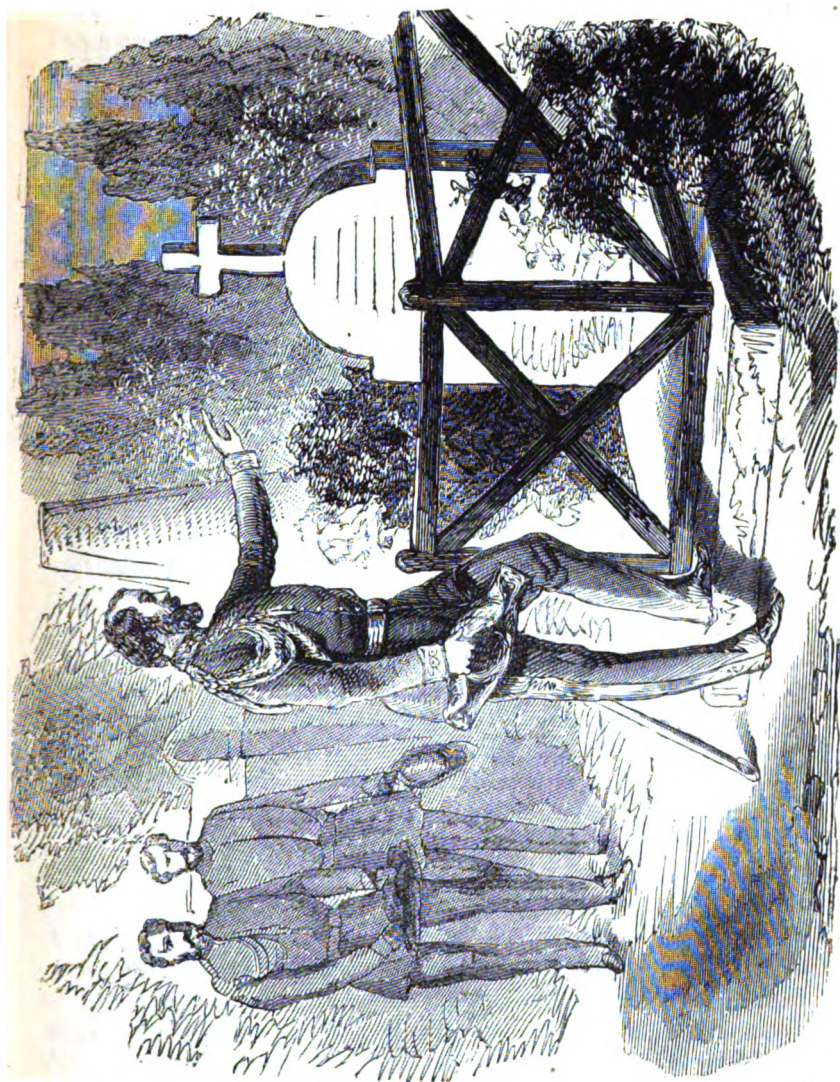
Most rapturous was the reception offered our hero at Genoa, Leghorn, and Florence. It was publicly announced that he was about to be Generalissimo of the Central Italian League, but the people were disappointed, as he merely received command of the 11th Italian division. While at Bologna for a few hours, he visited the tomb of the martyr, Ugo Bassi, and remained very sad and thoughtful during the whole of his stay in the town, for the visit must have summoned up painful recollections of Annita, whom Bassi quitted so shortly before her death.

Shortly after our hero was promoted to the rank of lieutenant-general in the Sardinian service, in recognition of his great merits; and he continued to organize the forces of Central Italy with the aid of General Fanti. The army soon amounted to 30,000 well-disciplined men, and volunteers flocked in daily. But the general bore all his blushing honors meekly: thus, when he was magnificently fêted by the population of Rimini, he appeared on a balcony, and made the following remarks:—"Such demonstrations of kindness and honor are extremely agreeable to me, because, being myself a principle, I accept them as a sure sign that you love Italy, her laws, her complete nationality, and independence."

Garibaldi visited in turn all the cities of the Romagna. On arriving at Ravenna, September 20, a frenzied joy was visible throughout that city. The general proceeded to the governor's house, and from the balcony of the palace delivered the following address to the people.

"On finding myself among the townsmen of Ravenna, I feel as if in the bosom of my family, for here are not only my good friends but my saviours. Ten years ago I longed for the happiness of once thanking you; I am glad to reiterate my wishes, while announcing to you that the independence of our country is insured. I say insured, for I feel certain that each of us would sooner lay down his life a thousand times than return beneath the yoke of our oppressors.

"To whatever extent my gratitude to you, my dear friends, may reach, no one can find it exaggerated, for I am ever ready to lay down my life



Garibaldi at the Tomb of Ugo Bassi.

for you, and feel certain that you believe me. Amid the crowd I espied a great number of my brethren-in-arms, and see with pleasure that you still love and remember me. My friends, we must finish with our enemies. You must serve as guides to inexperienced youth. ~~You must not remain idle.~~ We have arrived at a supreme moment, when ~~the enemy will assume greater boldness, if they find us disunited.~~

"We must not merely love each other, but attach ourselves by an indissoluble bond, which will enable us to defy everybody. Thus bound, we have more than once seen the odious German fly before the blows of Italian justice. If God will, we shall see it again, and, with similar courage, we shall conquer or die. Ravenna is the model city. It was always the harbinger of Romagnese liberty. Sufferings only heightened your courage. Europe wept at her wrongs when a great man laid them before the world. Other cities of Italy have taken example by her. The agreement and order prevailing here are admirable, and they are the true lovers to found liberty and independence.

"Persevere, then, in both: discord will only benefit our common enemy. We must arm while we are in a state to carry arms, for independence is more difficult to keep than to gain. Our armed concord terrifies our enemies. We shall be ever united for the liberty and independence Italy demands. When an entire nation wills it, it is God Himself who inspires the thought, and in His name we will defend it.

"To-morrow, at six o'clock, a list will be opened; whoever desires to enrol himself will be the well-beloved of his country. I take on myself to lead this dear detachment of my fellow citizens; we shall only be the stronger if well united. Ravenna is my country, and her name will remain engraved on my heart, so long as life remains to me."

During this tour Garibaldi visited the spots consecrated to his reverses in 1849. At San Alberto a most touching scene took place, thus described in an Italian paper:—

"Garibaldi arrived with his two sons. On arriving in front of the Church of the Mandriola, the general was formally received by the curé. Children presented to him and to his sons, crowns of flowers. They were unaware why they visited the church, when the curé made a sign to Garibaldi to advance. He was then led with his children into a room adjoining the sacristy, where a black scaffolding was erected; all knelt, and a most affecting scene took place. Garibaldi, weeping hot tears, told his sons the cause, and they were equally moved. They remained for more than twenty minutes, left to their grief. During this time, the priest read the funeral service. This painful ceremony ended, the multitude hastened up to salute Garibaldi and his sons, in whose faces



Enrolment of the Volunteers.

signs of deep emotion were still visible. On the next day the funeral procession reached Ravenna, accompanied with forty young men dressed in mourning, and the civic band of San Alberto: they had walked ten miles. The inhabitants of Ravenna joined the procession. The body of the beloved Annita was thence carried by slow stages to Nice."

At Cremona Garibaldi instituted his bold plan of the subscription for a million muskets, putting down his own name first for £200. The subscription was well received, for Garibaldi's design was seen through. The independence of Italy must be secured, if he had a million resolute men to back him. The number of her volunteers had by this time risen to 18,000, and rumours were being spread of an intended invasion of the kingdom of the two Sicilies.

Garibaldi's progress to Turin was most triumphant, and it only depended on himself to become the dictator of Italy, as, indeed, the *Times* suggested. On the evening of his arrival, he had an interview with Victor Emanuel, which lasted till midnight, but the secret has been well kept, as to the subject discussed. It is probable, however, that the king did all in his power to persuade Garibaldi from any aggressive movement, to which the general would not consent. On the contrary, the Sardinians themselves were beginning to grow very impatient, for it was suspected that the king obeyed foreign influences, and Italy is weary of vassalage. Great was the agitation, therefore, when it was suddenly announced soon after that General Garibaldi had given in his resignation as General of the Army of Central Italy, and that Victor Emanuel had accepted it. The proclamation our hero issued on the occasion was couched in the following terms.

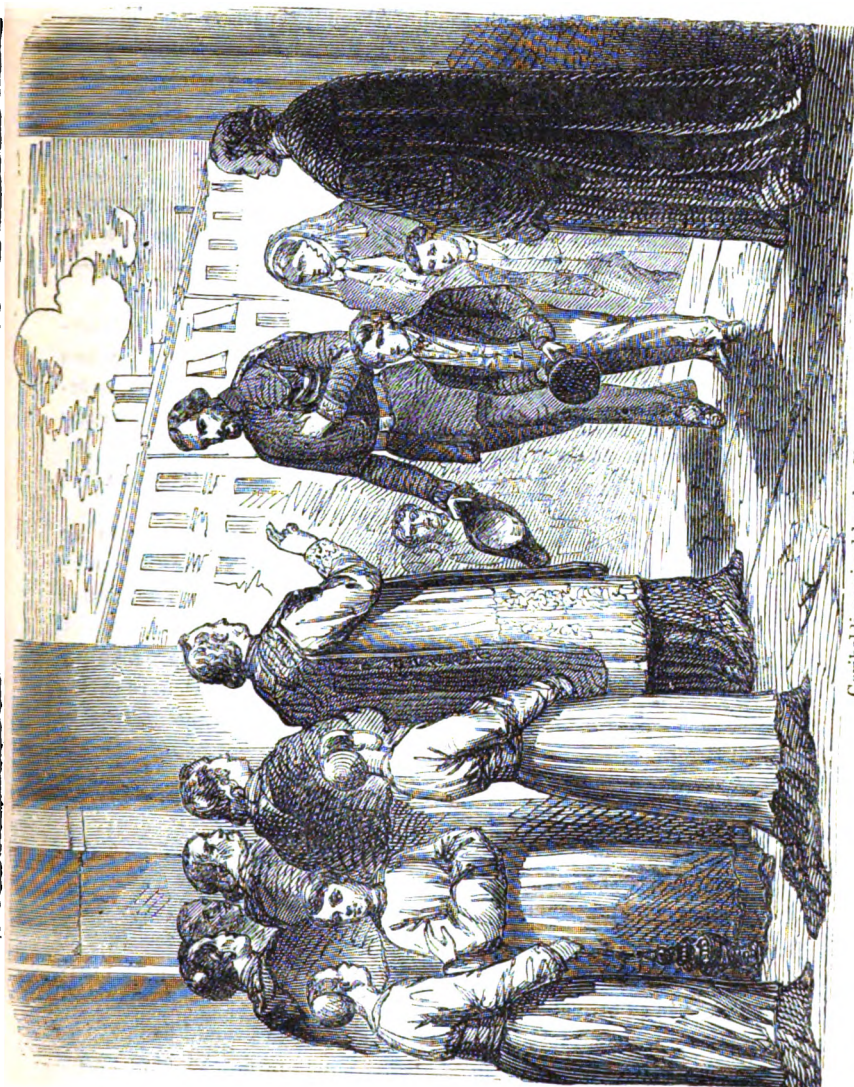
" TO THE ITALIANS.

" As underhand intrigues continually check the liberty of action inherent in the rank I hold in the army of Central Italy, and which I employed to try and attain that object which every good Italian proposes to himself, I am leaving the military service for the present.

" On the day that Victor Emanuel once again summons his soldiers to arms for the redemption of the country, I shall be again by the side of my brave companions. *The miserable and crafty policy* which for a moment troubles the majestic progress of our affairs, must persuade us that it is our duty to assemble around the brave and legal soldier of independence, who is incapable of recoiling from his sublime and generous path, and that we should prepare, at present more than ever, gold and iron to receive those who would gladly plunge us again in the horrors of the past.

" JOSEPH GARIBALDI.

" *Nice, 18th Nov., 1859.*"



Garibaldi received by the Clergy.

At Bologna the dissatisfaction was excessive, and a manifestation was even attempted, but Garibaldi's personal friends wisely prevented it, as it would have given a triumph to the Absolutist party. The Tuscan government, compelled to accept his resignation, determined on giving a fresh proof of its esteem, and the *Monitore Toscano* published the following decree :—

" IN THE REIGN OF H. M. VICTOR EMANUEL.

" The government of Tuscany, acquiescing with regret in the progress of Lieutenant-General Joseph Garibaldi, who has expressed the desire to be released of the command of the eleventh division of the Italian army—

" Decrees unanimously—

" The resignation he has demanded is accepted from Guiseppe Garibaldi, who has deserved so well of his country by the sacrifices he has made, and for the services he has hitherto rendered in a manner deserving of praise and gratitude. He is allowed to retain his honorary rank and wear the uniform and insignia.

" RICASOLI. CADORNA."

After a short stay at Nice, Garibaldi proceeded to Genoa, whence he purposed sailing to Capraja, for the purpose of cultivating his estates once more. He was dissuaded from this, however, and took up his residence in that city. As, however, it was the interest of Italy alone which induced Garibaldi to give up his command, lest he might seem to approve a policy contrary to the independence of Italy, so it was again the welfare of his country which caused the celebrated general to publish in the *Movimenti* the following proclamation :—

" TO MY COMRADES OF CENTRAL ITALY.

" Let not my momentary retirement check in you the ardour for the holy cause we defend. In retiring from among you, I love you as the representatives of a sublime idea, the idea of Italian deliverance. I leave you sorrowful and affected ; but I am consoled by the certainty of finding myself again among you to help you in completing the task commenced in so brilliant a manner.

" For you, as for myself, the greatest of misfortunes would be not to be present when Italy was being fought for. Young men, who have sworn to her cause, and to the chief who will lead you to victory—do not lay down your arms, but stand to your posts, continue your exercise, persevere in soldierly discipline.

"The truce will last but a short while: the old diplomacy seems ill-disposed to see things in their present state. It still regards you as the handful of malcontents of times gone by: it knows not that in you are the elements of a great nation, and that in free and independent hearts germinates the seed for the revolution of the world, if it does not consecrate our rights, and leave us masters of our country. We do not invade the territory of other potentates: let us then be left in peace in our own. Any one who attempts otherwise will see, that before submitting to slavery, a people ready to die for its liberty must be crushed.

"But, even if we all fall, we should leave to future generations the heritage of hate and vengeance to which a foreign domination has driven us. We should leave to our sons a musket and the consciousness of their rights; and please God, the sleep of the oppressor will never be untroubled. I repeat it, Italians, lay not down your arms. Collect more than ever round your chiefs, and maintain the most severe discipline.

"Fellow Citizens, not a man in Italy must hesitate to put his mite to the national subscription: not one must neglect to furbish his musket, in order to obtain—perhaps to morrow—by force, what they hesitate to give us to day in justice.

"GARIBALDI.

"*Genoa, 23rd Nov.*"

The promoters of obstacles, who had forced the renowned general to retreat, also tried to check the great object he had at heart, but Garibaldi would not allow this. Hearing that attempts were being made, to render the national subscription a failure, he protested energetically in the public journals. The Unitarian Society of Milan, whose importance daily increased, wrote to Garibaldi, begging him to come to the capital of Lombardy. There was a general desire to welcome the illustrious partizan, not merely to give him a new testimony of sympathy, but also to induce him to recal his determination. All his friends, among whom were all the most eminent men of Italy, implored him to return to public life, and many thought for a moment the general would yield to their honourable solicitations; but the motives for estrangement still existed, and the hope of conquering his legitimate scruples had to be given up.

Toward the end of December, Garibaldi was requested to accept the presidency of the *Nazione Armata*, in lieu of that of the National Association, which he had resigned, on finding that the committee were listening to the insidious offers of the opposing party. But he was induced to

decline the office, and explained his motive in the following proclamation :—

“ TO THE ITALIANS.

“ Summoned by some of my friends to attempt the character of conciliator, amid the factions of the liberal Italian party, I was invited to accept the presidency of a society called the ‘ Armed Nation.’

“ But, as the armed Italian nation is a fact which terrifies all that is disloyal, corrupting, and tyrannical, both within and without Italy, the crowd of modern Jesuits has been alarmed, and shouted ‘ Anathema!’

“ The government of the *Rè Galantuomo* has been importuned by the alarmists, and in order not to compromise it, I have decided on giving up the office with which I was honoured.

“ In perfect agreement with all the members, I, therefore, declare the Society of the ‘ Armed Nation’ dissolved, and invite every Italian who loves his country to aid in the purchase of the million muskets.

“ If, with the aid of a million guns, Italy, in the presence of the stranger, is unable to arm a million soldiers, we should have to despair of humanity. Let Italy arm, and she will be free.

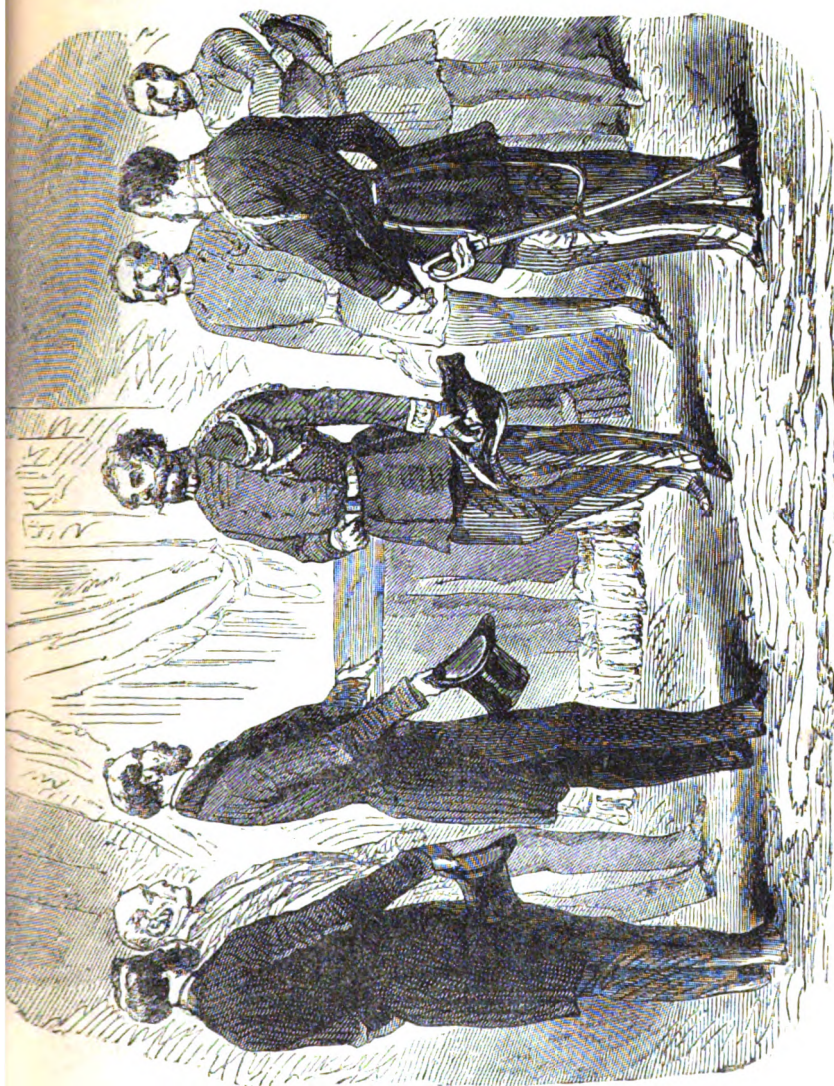
“ G. GARIBALDI.

“ *Turin, January 14th, 1860. 5 p.m.*”

On January 26th, Garibaldi left Turin, but it was not as at first stated, to mobilize the national guard of the kingdom. A law to that effect was voted, but the project was never carried out, and it was asserted that its realization was reserved for the general. The diplomatists, seeing in Garibaldi's name, more than in the measure itself, a signal of war, grew alarmed, and everything was set to work to prevent the mobilization, which in all probability will never take place.

A rather revolutionary document had already foretold this check. It was a letter from Garibaldi to the students of *Paira*, which the French *Univers* was the only journal that published. The Italian clergy were sharply criticised in the letter, and a canon took up their defence. In a letter from Milan, addressed to General Garibaldi, M. Ambrosoli complained that the Lombard clergy were calumniated, and declared himself ready, if the general would recal his accusation, to aid him by word and sacrifices.

The subscription for the million muskets was going round the world. A vessel reached Gibraltar having on board 23,500 guns, sent to Garibaldi by the American patriots, whose sympathies were gained for the noble



The King and the Tuscan deputation.

cause of Italian independence. At the same time Colonel Samuel Colt, the inventor of the revolver, offered the gift of 100 muskets on his private account. The Italian patriot thanked the American patriot in the warmest terms.

There were abundant signs that Garibaldi was not inclined to remain tranquil while despotism still ruled rampant in Naples and Rome. He evinced this feeling very plainly in a letter addressed to the workmen of Milan:—

“As a son of the people, and devoted to their service for my whole life, I am proud whenever any expression of sympathy ever reaches me from them. You feel faith in me, you the men of the four days, and I have faith in you. The day, perchance is not far distant when we shall again have the good fortune to fight the enemy of our country shoulder to shoulder. On that day, if my duty does not call me amid other Italian combatants, I will seek a place in your ranks, robust children of toil, sure of finding you at the spot where men are fighting with honour for the most holy cause of Italy.

“I am gratefully and affectionately ever yours,

“G. GARIBALDI.”

This letter, however, was not the sole sign of the approaching renewal of hostilities. On the date of January 20, we read in the *Ost Deutsche Post*, “We do not conceal from ourselves the dangers which are preparing for Austria in Italy. The popularity and indefatigable activity of Garibaldi seem called on to render fresh services.” The correspondence from Italy, if carefully studied, shows that the descent on Sicily was already quietly arranged in the general's mind. Still, as the old commander of the Chasseurs of the Alps would not consent to serve as an instrument for views contrary to the welfare of Italy, calumny continued to give itself full scope. The *Nord* did not hesitate to publish a correspondence in which the honour of Garibaldi was atrociously attacked, as well as that of Ratazzi and the Deputy Brofferio. In a letter addressed to that journal, and which we regret our space will not allow us to reproduce, Brofferio energetically refuted the unworthy falsehoods of the anonymous writer, and he said markedly, ‘General Garibaldi is not only next to the king, the first soldier in Italy, but also her first citizen.’”

In fact, Garibaldi has become so important a personage that all his actions are the subject of solemn discussions. The Emperor of the French even mentioned the general in his letter to the Pope; and his name has

been repeatedly mentioned in our House of Commons. Not the least surprising thing connected with his past career was the correspondence between Lords Ellenborough and Brougham, in which the most Conservative member of the Upper House did not hesitate to offer a subscription to the proposed purchase of arms.

We regret that this biography terminates with a painful incident in the life of our hero. Disgusted with his treatment as patriot and soldier, the victor of Varese thought at least to find the pleasures of a domestic household, but he experienced a bitter deception. Let us pity the great citizen, and continue, as if he had never contracted another union, to join to our admiration of Garibaldi, the venerated memory of Annita!

CONCLUSION.

Although Garibaldi's marvellous descent on Sicily has not yet become the property of history, and our knowledge of his movements is principally restricted to official bulletins, which are notorious for their falsehoods, there is very fair reason for assuming that he will meet with entire success, and that the reign of the felon King of Naples is almost at an end. What the remonstrances of England and France could not effect Garibaldi will have the fortune of delivering with his good right hand. And all men, no matter of what political shades, must rejoice at the cessation of those atrocities which have placed Naples on a level with the most savage of African provinces. The conduct of the king and his hangmen was a disgrace to civilization; he rejected every kind offer of advice, and he is destined to fall, without possessing a single friend who can be of any service to him.

To Italy the consequences of Garibaldi's bold movement are almost incalculable. In the first place, if he succeed, and Victor Emanuel take possession of the throne, Sardinia will be freed, to a considerable extent from that French guardianship which is beginning to grow rather irksome. So large a population, added to those of Lombardy and Piedmont, will enable Victor Emanuel to hold his own against the might of Austria, and very shortly lead to the cession of the Venetese, unless Francis Joseph is ready to hazard another war, which must cost him Hungary. But that is not all; so soon as Garibaldi has crushed the King of Naples, he will not be long ere he cross the frontier of the Papal States, and Pio Nono will be obliged once more to fly, but with no impregnable fortress of Gaëta in which to take shelter. The liberation of Rome once effected, that city would become the capital of the Italian kingdom, and all the intestine jealousies would cease at once.

Victor Emanuel, then, we consider, will be an enormous gainer by Garibaldi's decisive course of action, but whether Louis Napoleon will

be so well pleased with it, is a moot point. Since the treaty of Villafranca, Garibaldi has not attempted to conceal his disappointment at the result of French interference, and though grateful for what the emperor effected, he could not endure the idea that this gave him a right to regulate the internal affairs of Italy. Louis Napoleon has now received his reward; Savoy and Nice are in his possession, and Victor Emanuel may be safely permitted to walk without leading-strings. It may be that further sacrifices, such as the cession of the island of Sardinia, will be demanded of him, to soothe the tender susceptibilities of the French, but even that would be a cheap price to pay for the liberation of Italy.

We are in hopes, then, that Garibaldi will be allowed to work out the problem in the way he has already commenced; that he has frightful difficulties to contend with we willingly concede, and, unless some defection take place among the Neapolitan troops, the reduction of Messina will be a task almost beyond his strength. The Neapolitan navy, too, is very strong, and may prevent him for the present completing his designs; but humanly speaking, we have not the least doubt but that the brave partizan will achieve entire success. Much is to be hoped by a diversion in his favour in Naples, but it is almost too much to expect that down-trodden nation to rise, unless with certainty of success. For ten years they have endured a martyrdom which apparently imperilled their existence as a people, and the vitality has been crushed out of them by the massacre or imprisonment of all the leading liberals.

There is one consolation to be gathered from Garibaldi's descent on Sicily; that the great powers will be compelled to interfere actively in the Italian question, and that the independence of that glorious country will no longer be left at the mercy of French intriguants. By declining to guarantee the possession of the *Æmilia* by Sardinia, the Emperor of the French granted Victor Emanuel liberty of action, and, if he increase his territory, it will be at his own risk and peril. Italy is in a state of profound agitation, and the King of Sardinia must place himself at the head of the popular movement, or pave the way for further dissension, whose consequences have ever proved so lamentable. He is perfectly safe in taking such a step; for Austria would hardly dare to cross her frontier, and leave insurrection rampant behind her. As for the Papalini, there is no occasion to fear them, even with the redoubtable Lamoricière at their head; for, if the French garrison be withdrawn from Rome, the people can hold the troops in check as they did before.

And to this we think that it must come ere long: the pressure of public opinion will compel Louis Napoleon to abandon the cause of a

Pontiff, on whom all the best meaning exhortations are thrown away. Pio Nono had a grand opportunity of becoming head of the Italian Confederation: fortunately for civilization, he allowed it to slip from his grasp, and the consequences will be on his own head. If Italy once become re-united, as there is every reason to believe, history underrates Rome as the capital, and Victor Emanuel is quite prepared to endure the Papal thunder for such a prize. All that will then remain will be the liberation of Venetia, but we do not consider that a very difficult task. We allow that Francis Joseph has concentrated an enormous army there, and is wreaking his spite for the loss of Lombardy on the hapless population, but there are manifest signs that the Emperor of Austria will be compelled ere long to set his own house in order, and leave the question of Italy to be settled by wiser heads than his. It is very possible that, with the innate obstinacy of the Hapsburgs, he may attempt a desperate struggle. But, if he do so, his own lands will be dismembered, and he will lose, not only Venetia, now hardly worth keeping, but also Hungary; who has a bitter vengeance to take for centuries of tyranny and wrong-doing.

Altogether, then, we consider the condition of Italy most encouraging, for Garibaldi has boldly cut the gordian knot of diplomacy. Nothing can now prevent the contest, and we think we have shown sufficiently in the preceding pages that Garibaldi is not the man to allow himself to be daunted by even apparently insuperable difficulties. The chieftain who checked the advance of the French at Rome, will find it an easy task to rout the Neapolitan troops wherever he meets them; and even the stone walls behind which they cower, will prove but a slight obstacle to his volunteers. And when we read of General Lanza mercilessly bombarding Palermo, our blood is in a glow, and we hailed with delight the telegraphic message announcing that the ruthless soldiery have sought shelter on board their fleet.

But whatever may be the result of the invasion, it will not lessen or increase the admiration, all must feel, for the great Italian who stands at the head of the movement. Garibaldi has given so many proofs of his prowess, that one more or less is of little consequence, and a victory over the Neapolitan troops cannot add to his renown. But, if there be one quality more admirable about him than another, it is the constancy with which he has adhered to his programme—the independence of Italy. During the gloomy months that followed the treaty of Villafranca, too many of the patriots swerved from their allegiance to liberty, but Garibaldi remained true to himself. Persuasion and menace were

tried upon him, but in vain ; he kept straight to one point, and no personal considerations were taken into calculation by him. He is as poor now as when he was fighting the sacred cause of freedom in America ; and he will never be a rich man, for his thoughts are directed to other matters than money-making. Had he been more worldly, he might have secured any position he pleased—have been on the fair road to become a Marshal of France, but he declined. He would not have felt at his ease among the courtiers of the Tuileries, and he, probably, doubted the sincerity of Napoleon's protestations on behalf of Italy. Had he allowed himself to be disarmed, it would have been an easy task to throw the Peninsula once again into chains, which would have proved as onerous as those of Austria, although covered with velvet, but Garibaldi's sound sense avoided the snare. Italy for the Italians ! was his watchword, and he felt that he could accomplish his task without foreign aid. That he may be perfectly successful is our most earnest prayer, and every lover of English liberty will join with us, we feel assured, in wishing a happy and prosperous old age for the Italian Washington.

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